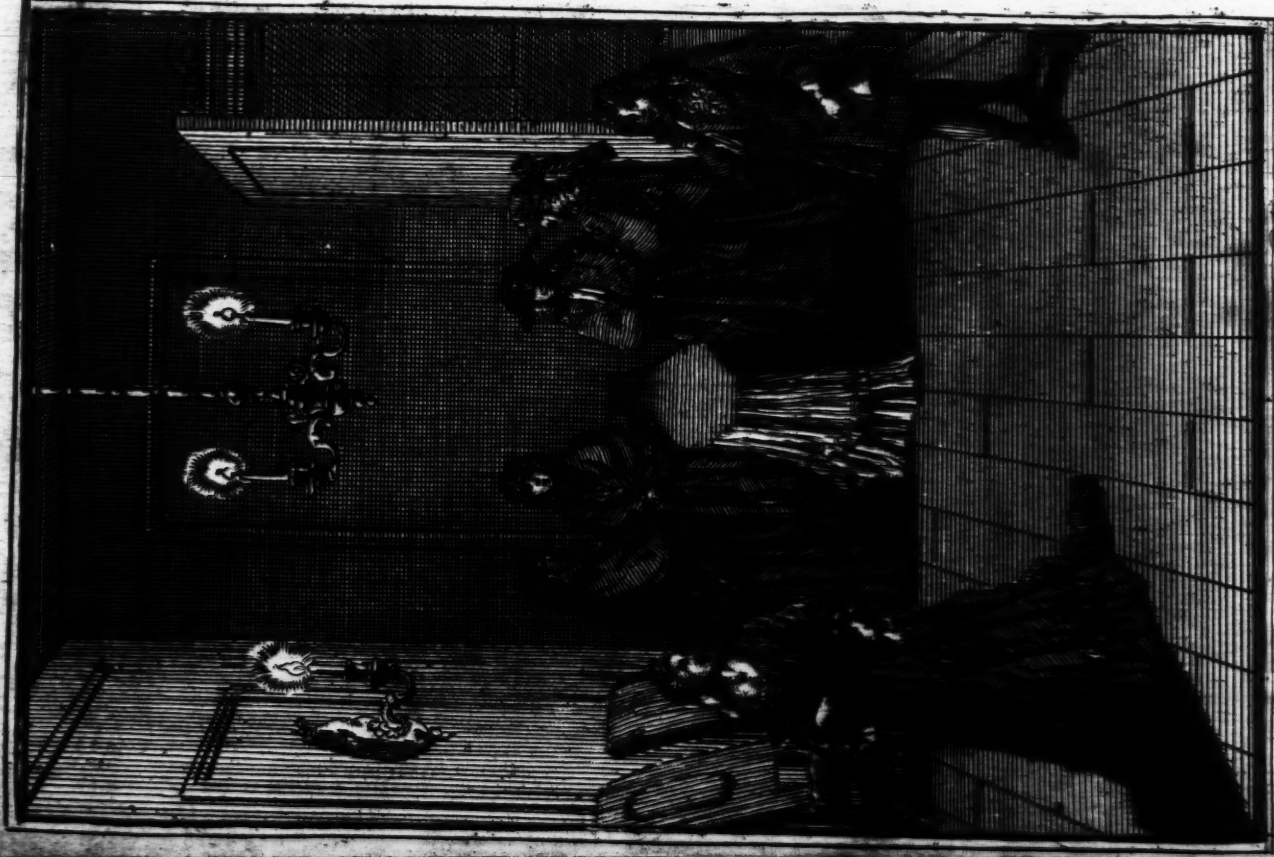


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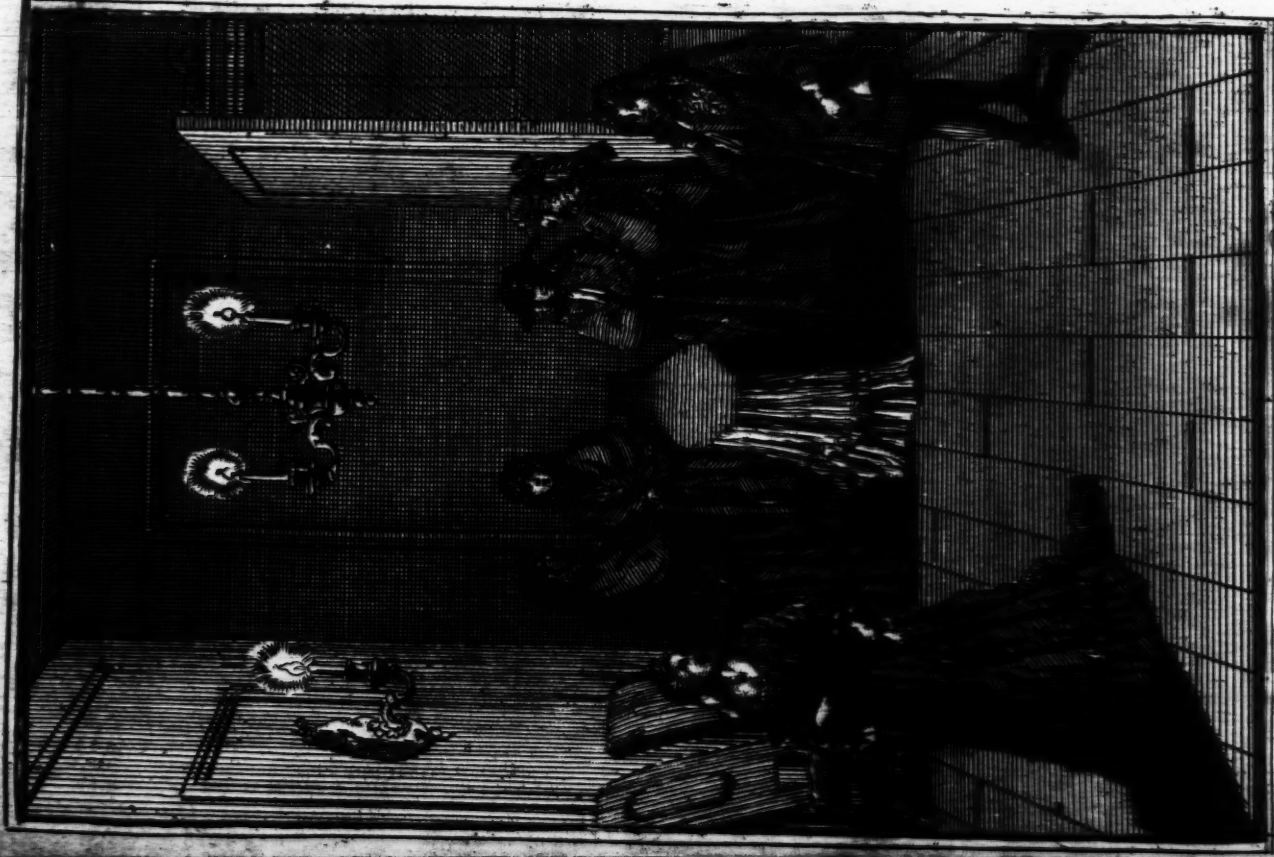
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THE

Doating Lovers:

OR, THE

Libertine Tamid.

A Hamelton Co.

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*,

BY THE

Company of Comedians, acting under
Letters Patent Granted by King
Charles the Second.

Et Juvenum curas, & libera vixit referta.

Hof. de Arte Poetica.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LEWIS near the *Piazza*, in *Covent Garden*, and L. BROKE, against the *Mews Charing Cross*. MDCCKV.

UNITED STATES

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

RECEIVED

BY

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR



A. Johnston sculp.

To Her GRACE the

DUTCHESS

OF

Hamilton and Brandon.

MADAM,

T Might in some measure justify
my Ambition in the following
Dedication, cou'd the Me-

A ; rit

DEDICATION.

rit of my Play in the least answer
to Your Grace's elegant Taste and
nice Judgment in the most polite
Entertainments of the Age; but
since it is impossible for a better
Poet to hope for that, I must en-
tirely rely upon Your Grace's good
Nature, which is as conspicuous in
pardoning, as Your piercing Wit
in discerning Faults.

The following Comedy was born
Your Grace's Subject, nor can I
pretend to any Merit in it, to re-
commend it to Your Protection,
but the Obligation, which You
generously impos'd upon Your self,
to Patronize, (tho' far unworthy so
great an Honour) what's doubly
Your Slave, a Favour which once
ob-

DEDICATION.

obtain'd, must also procure it, if not a general Approbation, at least a gentle Doom from all; since no one will condemn what is shelter'd under Your Grace's auspicious Patronage.

I might here plead the common Excuse of a young Beginner, which often prevails upon the Good-natur'd part of the Town; but I can form no Plea so reasonable, to give them hopes of a better Performance from me, as the kind Influence of Your Grace's Protection; which may inspire me with more refin'd Thoughts, and in time ripen nearer to Perfection, what the enlivening Beams of Your Wit are pleas'd to shine on.

And

DEDICATION.

And now I have insensibly drawn
my self into a spacious Garden adorn'd
with the most beautiful Variety, where in attempting to describe Your Grace's different Perfections, I am so far at a loss, that I am
puzzel'd for an Excuse to all who will expect a copious Panegyrick, seeing the Dutcheſs of *Hamilton* fix'd to my Dedication: But since an Attempt of this kind must either appear faint and insipid, for want of a Spirit as bright as the Original to run through the whole; or dull and nauseous thro' more unpardonable, fulsome Flattery, the only Error Your Grace's Goodness cannot forgive, I shall avoid the Censure that justly might be charg'd upon

DEDICATION.

upon me for so rash and presumptuous an Undertaking; and be silently content in knowing, that all the World admires what cannot be express'd by,

M A D A M,

Your Grace's most Oblig'd,

and most Devoted,

Obedient Humble Servant,

Newbough Hamilton.

PROLOGUE.

Written, and Spoke by Mr. Bullock, Jun.

SCRIBLING is grown so common a Disease,

Men think the more they Write, the more they please:

Some in Politiques, and Pamphlets, take great Pains,

That tell the Town — their Authors want of Brains

Others again, in vile Lampooning Rhimes,

Abuse themselves — more dully than the Times:

Some write for Reputation, some for Need,

Many there be that Write, that scarce can Read.

The Songstress fair, with Marce spruce enamour'd,

Is with rhiming Billets, hourly clamour'd; —

Oh! — say me, what shall we do to get Right,

Others Damn me, I'll be revung'd and write,

The City Nymph, full ripe at Fifteen Years,

Her tender Love in daggel Verse appears:

Whose hobbling Numbers prove a killing Dart,

That whip her Father's Prunice thro' the Heart.

Nay Lawyers Clerks do now pretend to Bay,

Neglect ingrossing — and write damn'd Survey Plays:

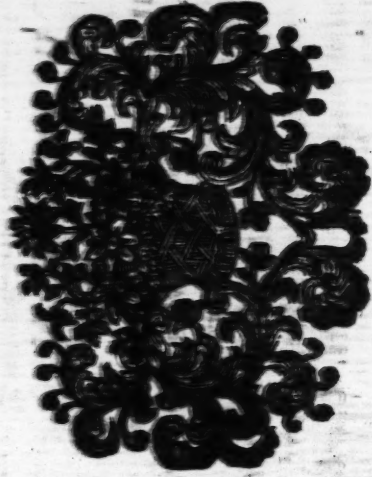
I doubt not but to see, and in a little time,

The Merchant Clerks will toss their Books in Rhime:

Thus

PROLOGUE.

*Then 'tis no wonder in this writing Age,
To have so young an Author, for the Stage.
But the Success of these his Scenes I fear,
Yet hope your Wisdoms won't be too severe.
Criticks, forbear your hissing Blasts I pray,
And Censors mildly this his first Essay,
He may in time produce a better Play.
A Dorimant wou'd be a Task too hard,
To be expected from so young a Bard:
The End be aim'd at, was to make you Sport,
Yet neither lash the City, nor the Court.
To please you all to Night he did his best,
Let each Praise what he likes, and Spare the rest.*



Dr.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord Gaylove, Mr. J. Leigh.
Sir Butterfly Ayrewould, Mr. Bullock Sen.
Sir Timothy Treedle, Mr. Bullock Jun.
Colonel Winfield, Mr. Keene.
Mr. Choleric, Mr. Griffin.
Bounce, Mr. Hall.
Decoy, Mr. Pack.
Witful, Mr. Knapp.
Thump, Mr. F. Leigh.
Haircut, Mr. Church.
Constable, Mr. Rogers.
Upholder, Mr. Hil. Bullock.
Servant, Mr. Cocker.

W O M E N.

Lady Youthful, Mrs. Kent.
Cosmella, Mrs. Tourmond.
Clarinda, Mrs. Croß.
Secret, Mrs. Garnet.
Prate, Mrs. Hunt.
Giddy, Mrs. Clarke.

Watch in Act Four. Mourners Act Five.

S C E N E London.



THE
Doating Lovers:
OR, THE
Libertine Tamed.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE St. James's Park.

Enter Lord Gaylove and Colonel Winfield.

GAYLOVE.

BE Dumb for ever, thou dull Preacher
of musty Morals, or cease to rail thus
against the gay Delights of Liberty and
Love.

C. Win. Fie, my Lord, this is the
common Cant of your lewd Town-
Sparks! They have a wrong Notion of
Liberty. Liberty! They are Strangers to her Charms.

L. Gay.

B

2 The Dealing Lovers: Or,

L. Gay. Prithce dear Colonel, what Zeal moves thee thus to lecture me? is it the malicious Zeal of Envy, to see me successful in my Amours, or the dull Zeal of a preaching Conscience?

C. Wm. Neither, my Lord, it is the Respect I bear your Character and Person. It is because I am your Friend, nor should I merit the Title, did I not inform you that the whole Town takes Notice of your wild Courses.

L. Gay. The whole Town then does me wrong, for I take no Notice of theirs. You'll say I'm a Libertine, so are you all, only like poor Mechanicks you sneak with it under your Cloaks; whilst I, as a Gentleman should, carry it openly in my Hand.

Enter Decoy, whispers Lord Gaylove.

Dec. My Lord, they're in the next Walk, so far I dogg'd 'em: But *Cholerie* and *Wifful* tread upon their Heels.

C. Wm. So, Mr. Decoy, you necessary Rogue, what Game in Chase now, something new? Are they pretty? This is your Pimp General, your Pimp Chirurgeon, you're every Day under his Hands, and he Plaisters you with new Mistresses. In a little time you'll out-do *Cesar*, and dictate to more Whores at once, than he did Knaves.

Dec. Pray, noble Colonel, vilifie not the honourable profession of Pimping; for I can assure you it is practis'd now-a-days, by People of Rank and Condition. You need not decry the Ware, to my Sorrow, the Trade decays too fast; for lately you have all got the Knack of obliging one another Gratis, so that this valuable Calling will be soon uselese. An Emperor employs a King, a King a Duke, a Duke a Lord, a Lord a Judge, a Judge a Knight, a Knight a Gentleman; and when Gentlemen are merry, they Pimp for one another. This they call good Fellowship, but don't consider that we who are really Pimps, and have serv'd an Apprenticeship to the Trade, must starve. The time was, no Servant more useful, his Employment was held to be full of Trust, his Person clean and nimble; nor was any Body readier to jump into

The Libertine Tam'd.

3

into preferment than a Pimp.—But see, there they trip along. O Lad, they are rare Creatures.

C. *Win.* Impudent Varlet, is this the Game you started? know you not these two?

Dec. Perfectly well, Sir; the first is my Lord's Mistress, the Motto, *Love and Enjoyment*; the last is to be your Wife, the Supercription, *Much Matrimony but little Love*.

C. *Win.* The pert Dog is witty. — Mr. *Choleric* and his Man *Wise* approach. I must not be seen, lest I be suspected of a Design upon his Daughter.

L. *Gay.* That's a testy old Gentleman indeed; always angry and knows not for what. I believe he was got betwixt two Storms. Such a peevish old Fellow, he never was once pleas'd.

C. *Win.* Now *Devy*, you may be serviceable to me. But you are not desirous of being engag'd in any Affairs that tend to Wedlock, since you joyn Men and Women without a Priest.

Dec. I shall refuse no Service that will oblige my Lord's Friend.

C. *Win.* This then. Seek *Wise*, lure him to the Tavern, or deceive the time with Discourse; that we may gain the same Opportunity with the Ladies.

Dec. Faith, Sir, you have set me a hard Task, for he hath a great share of Cunning, which makes him very cautious, and that gains him the Name of a Man of Judgment with the World: Nay, he boasts of never being outwitted in any Design. But I'gad if Policy cannot, Force shall secure him.

L. *Gay.* Let us cross the *Maid* then, and find the Ladies out. [Exeunt severally.]

Enter Mr. *Choleric*, and *Wise*.

Cho. But this time you spend in impertinent Prating, may be sufficient to have them Wedded and Bedded. Why would you leave your Charge, Num-skull?

Wise. Num-skull! Num-skull! — does my Service merit that Title? I'm no Fool, Sir.

Cho. You're no Fool, Sir? a Wiser Man may be call'd

B 2

The Danting Lovers: Or,

a Fool, and not abus'd, Sir — You're no Fool Sir. Why Sirrah, that's as much as to say I am a Fool. Who am I, Sir? — am I a Fool, eh.

Wit. Sir, I'll bear with these Humours no longer. I perceive you are resolv'd to part with me, but I'll not be turn'd off, Sir; I this Minute discharge you from being my Master. — But one Word of Advice before I go. Be assur'd that the Servant who succeeds me in Watching your Daughter has Brains. You may be deceiv'd.

Cho. Eh, the Fellow says true. I find the surest Method of making him faithful is to flatter his Pride. [*Aside.*] — Well, *Witful*, I am Passionate, 'tis true; but you are sensible my Daughter is my all in all; and when I deliver her to your Charge —

Wit. Say no more, Sir, — But to call a Man of my Sense, Num-skull.

Cho. I beg your Pardon, indeed I do; but you know — *Wit.* Sir, these repeated Orders to be careful, argue your want of Confidence in me. Trust these Brains, they never yet deceiv'd me. And should they use me scurvily now, I'd have my Head open'd, them taken out, wash'd and put in again. But Heav'n be prais'd I'm no Fool.

Cho. I should be sorry to find you out-witted in your old Age, when Experience teaches Fools Wisdom, that never were over-reach'd in your younger Years.

Wit. O Lord, Sir, you do your humble Servant too much Honour. I may say, without blushing, there's some Subtlety in this Head-piece. I'll watch your Daughter with that Vigilance which becomes a Man of my Parts.

Cho. The Gallants of this Town hold fruitful Intelligence of the great Fortunes haunts, 'twill require all the Skill you're Master of, to keep her from being Fly-blown.

Wit. Fear not, they must be cunninger than *Lucifer* that can cheat me. I'm no Fool. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Timothy Treedle, Bounce and Thump.

Cho. But here comes my Son-in-Law that is to be, and his whole Reinsue. That is to say, his foreign-educated Tutor.

The Libertine Tam'd

For and home-bred Servant. So, Sir *Timothy*, I presume you have been feasting your Eyes with *London* Rarities.

Sir Tim. Yes, yes, Sir — But *Signior Bounce* here, dignifies this City most vilely.

Cho. How, Mr. *Bounce*! I doubt if the whole World can shew a City that excells it!

Bou. O Lord, Sir, ha, ha, had you been abroad, Sir, ha, ha, you'll pardon me, Sir; ha, ha; you have never travell'd Sir, ha, ha, ha.

Cho. Ha, ha, ha, who do you laugh at, Sir, ha, ha, ha, very fine indeed. Who the Devil am I Sir? Is this gray Head made your Laughing-stock, Sir? And who the Devil are you Sir? Adlife, if my Sword could peep out now, it should make you ha, ha, to some Purpose.

Bou. I beg ten thousand Pardons. By the Universe, Sir, I thought you never travell'd.

Cho. What, then Sir, perhaps I have, and perhaps I have not Sir; my Mind has travers'd the whole Globe Sir; I have read Books and seen Prints of those things you have tur'd Body and Soul to see.

Bou. That's the matter, Sir, you have things at second Hand; not one of these tell Truth: But I am a Traveller, and would not be guilty of a Lie to be Master of all I have seen. Then you must know, Sir, several of your painted Travellers have never been farther than *Dover* or *Harwich*.

Cho. Say you so, then I am calm again. Sir *Timothy* he's an excellent Man. Observe and Improve.

Sir Tim. They may say as they think fit, but I believe one may see as great Rarities at home: For all your Travellers see double, and what's a Calf here is a Bull there.

Bou. Hell and Furies, Sir *Timothy*, are my Words suggested to favour of Falshood. I would not publish a Lie — no by the Universe, nor add a Syllable to any particular of my Relation. I have ransack'd all Lands to find Truth; I have got it, and 'tis dearer to me than Life.

Cho. Be not offended, his weak Brain cannot conceive the mysterious Wonders you have seen.

The Doating Lovers: Or,

Bon. To call a Man that has compass'd the Universe a Lyar.

Cho. Fie, Sir *Timothy*, beg his Pardon, and believe every thing he says.

Sir Tim. Then he must tell Stories I can believe, for my Faith is not so great a Scholar.

Cho. Beg his Pardon then.

Sir Tim. For what? Because he tells Lies I wont believe?

Cho. You will not beg his Pardon then? I say you shall; who am I eh, no Body? beg his Pardon, or go to the Country as great a Fool as you came up.

Sir Tim. *Thump*, shall I do't; may Knight Baronet ask a Gentleman Forgiveness?

Thw. I don't know but you may, Sir; yes, yes, when your Father commands.

Sir Tim. Well, I do beg his Pardon then.

Cho. Discredit Mr. *Bounce*! Every Syllable he utters, is mark'd *Ti* for Truth.

Bon. Sir *Timothy* is Penitent, and I am pacified. Not believe Traveller!

Sir Tim. But when shall I see my Wife? I've been two Nights in Town and am a Stranger to her yet.

Cho. I did not think it convenient to shew you to her in this disagreeable Country Garb; but *Montieur la Foy*, the famous *French* Taylor, this Afternoon shall equip you.

Sir Tim. My Father was married in this; and Lady Mother says, he was as fine a Man as my self.

Bon. Fashions alter, and not to be *A-la-mode* is a Seelism in good Breeding.

Sir Tim. Pray Mr. *Bounce*, after what Country *A-la-mode* are you dress'd?

Bon. My Hat is *German*, my Gloves *Italian*, my Lace *Flanderkin*, my Linnen *Dutch*, my Sword *Spanish*, my Coat and Shoulder-knot *French*, and my Whig *English*.

Sir Tim. So, that the World may know you are a Traveller, you carry a Piece of every Country on your Back.

Cho. Let us be moving, Dinner waits us; then Sir *Timothy*, you shall see my Daughter, and she is — I say no more.

more. [Thump offers to go first.] Why how now, Clodpate, Bumpkin, Brute, eh, — go before me Sirrah! — Who am I Sirrah, no respect to me — eh — am I no Body? I'll teach you to know your self and to know me.
[Beats him out. Exeunt.]

Enter Witful.

Wit. Whither have these Mad-caps rambled? That Lady *Cosmelia* will ruin my Pupil *Clarinda*; home or abroad she must be man'd. — My Master has made me Guardian Dragon to this *Golden Fleece*. *Argus* had a hundred Eyes, *Witful* has but two: But *Argus* was a Fool; there indeed *Witful* has the Advantage: And they must be cunninger than *Mercury*, that can pipe my two Eyes asleep.

Enter Decoy.

Dec. My dear Brother *Witful*, where have you liv'd this Age?

Wit. Brother, Mr. Decoy! How long have you and I been so nearly related? Brother *Witful*! I tell you plainly, I neither like the Kindred nor Complement.

Dec. Brother Servants I mean.

Wit. I deny it, Sir, we are two Opposites in Service. I preserve Ladies Honours, and am a Knight-Errent in their Defence, but the World is pleas'd to say, you are a Pimp, which is to say, you live by Debauching the Innocent, and are a meer Giant to Ladies in Distress.

Dec. Hang Reports; we are too wise to heed what the World says.

Wit. Men of your Character are heedless in their own Defence.

Dec. Harkce, *Witful*, I have an excellent Bottle of old Heck at your service! Are you for a Whet!

Wit. I never drink in a Morning, I am no Whetter.

Dec. Refuse right French! ha, ha, ha, And why, my sage *Ulysses*!

Wit. Why, Sir? Because I won't be Drunk for any Man's Pleasure.

Dec. Drunk! — only an enlivening Glass or two; Drunk Man!

B 4

Wit.

8 The Doating Lovers: Or,

Wit. Drunk 'yes Drunk Sir.—This Fellow has some Plot upon me, I firell Gun-powder. I never was cozen'd, and shoud I pawn my Brains for a Bottle of Claret, may my Nose ever after carry a Brand in it as a Mark of my Negligence.

Dec. Nay, dear *Witful*, be not as morose as a Philosopher: Do you suspect my Friendship?

Wit. No Coaxing, no Wheedling me. I'm no Fool, but too old a Bird to be caught with such palpable Chaff.

Dec. You are resolv'd then not to go?

Wit. I am, therefore tempt me no farther.

Dec. Then by all the Demy-Gods, I am resolv'd you shall.

Wit. Shall! you swear I shall! — O Impudence, will you force me?

Dec. Egad I will. Consent immediately, or expect....

Wit. Expect what? — Why Villain, this is monstrous. By Jove I will not drink.

Dec. By Jove but you shall. [*Takes him on his Back, Come along Sir.*]

Wit. Murder, Treason, Rogues, Ravishing: [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lord Gaylove leading Cosmellia. Colonel Winfield, Clarinda.

L. Gay. Can so much Beauty dwell with cold Disdain?

C. Win. Madam, trust not his Love Compliments; he carries a ready Bank to furnish each Lady he meets upon sight.

Cos. Most certain Colonel, you do his Lordship's Passion much wrong.

L. Gay. Railing, Madam, is his Talent, and Love his Aversion: He judges of my Passion by the poverty of his own. Prithce gentle Satyr chuse another Walk.

C. Win. I obey; and dare trust the Lady's Virtue where I would not your Lordship's Honour. — Madam, if you please we'll walk.

Clia. Safe under your Colours Colonel, I dare march round the World.

L. Gay. You see those Eyes have Charms to command the World; the *Park* looks more flourishing to invite you; its little tuneful Inhabitants clear their warbling Throats to Salute you; even Nature welcomes you, and would be

be content to resign her Power, to one better able to rule so unlimited an Empire.

Cos. I know your Lordship has taken all Degrees in the University of Compliments. My Words are as plain as my Wit.

L. Gay. I chuse not these affected Strains; but Men must practise them, or be counted Infringers of the Decrees of Good-breeding by ceremonious Ladies. Laying aside these modish Preambles, in plain *English*, Lady, I say I love you.

Cos. The same thing you told me half a Year ago.

L. Gay. On these Lips I vow — I could swear a hundred Oaths on the Book.

Cos. It needs not, my Faith is not strait-lac'd; I dare credit your simple Word.

L. Gay. Nor would I willingly forfeit it with a Lady that would take it.

Cos. And she must have a hard Heart, that would refuse the Pawn.

L. Gay. Speak Truth, and flatter not. — On what Security could you love me?

Cos. On that which is to me above all Obligations dear, Honour.

L. Gay. Will you lend me a Night's Lodging on my — Honour?

Cos. How? my Lord? you speak to one you seem not to know.

L. Gay. Therefore I desire to know you better, Lady.

Cos. Better, I hope, or never.

L. Gay. Better or worse, if you'll hazard one, I dare venture t'other.

Cos. I am sorry to find your Judgment so grossly deceiv'd. You must either have an ill Opinion of my Virtue, or your own Understanding.

L. Gay. Express your self plainer, my fairest.

Cos. Fair, Lord — your Flatteries can't catch me, I see thro' 'em.

L. Gay. If you've so Active on Eye look into my Breast; there on each Corner of my Heart, you'll see your Name

10 The Doating Lovers: Or,

engraven: Believe not Fame, 'tis a malicious Age we live in. If your Ears have been abus'd with any foul Reports, love me once, and we'll call the World a Lyar?

Cos. It grieves me to see a Person of your Quality and Character want his Eyes.

L. Gay. So are Love and Fortune blind. Accept from me all the Favours both can grant.

Cos. The Gifts were worthy, if with Honour given; but Reason, the Mind's bright Eye, has lost its Throne, and your wild Love, like an *Ignis Fatuus*, leads you astray to your Ruin.

L. Gay. Company draws near, let us retire. — There will be a double Satisfaction in Conquering her. I despair not. [*Aside*] [Exeunt.]

Enter Col. Winfield and Clarinda,

C. Win. Now, dear *Clarinda*, you are sensible of the fatal Necessity that urges my impatient Desires to a speedy Marriage.

Cla. I see Fate stretching out both Hands, in one Life and *Winfield*, in the other Death and *Sir Timothey*.

C. Win. Why do you then hesitate? Chuse the Gift in Fate's right Hand, and make us both happy.

Cla. I may without a Blush declare my Passion for you. Should my Tongue deny it, my Heart would fly into my Face, and tell the World my Love.

C. Win. Chaste as Beautiful. Thus look'd *Diana* in the Silver Stream, when with greedy Eyes *Athen* survey'd the charming Goddess.

Cla. Without these Raptures, you may see the sincerity of my Soul; but (some Meant, and speedy, must be us'd to mollify my Father, and send my Lover to the Country, for a Bride.

C. Win. Something shall be done. — Were it possible to Incense your Father against him. — I know not. — you must not Marry. How shall I convey my Mind to you by Letter?

Cla. You must employ *Deasy*, my Lord's Servant; enclose it in a Letter to *Cosmolia*, and I shall receive it unsuspected. — They are here, let us joy'n 'em.

Enter

The Libertine Tam'd.

11

Enter Lord Gaylove and Cosmelia.

C. Win. Who conquers?

L. Gay. Her Wit is as great a Tyrant as her Beauty, and I am a Slave to both.

Cos. Cousin *Clarinda*, has the Colonel determin'd to wait on you to your Country Retirement, or will you take up your Quarters with him in Town?

Cla. I fear I must force my Stomach to digest the Country Journey.

Cos. Then Mercy on thee Girl, for thou art to be buried alive.

L. Gay. Sir *Timothy* will make a good Husband, *Hebinal* the Second. He talks of nothing but the Cow-house, and Stables; a Parrot has more Variety in Conversation, he has not so much as a Family Jest.

C. Win. How do you approve of his Mother, the Devout and Charitable Lady *Treedle*?

L. Gay. Devout she is indeed: her Charity cures the Diseases of the whole Country. I promis'd to send her a Cripple or two by the next Carrier, she hates a Man with all his Limbs. But a Wooden Leg or a Crutch, gain her Heart for ever.

C. Win. She shew'd me her House one Day, & never visited such an Hospital. Fough, she's only fit for the Incurable, as a Hand-maid to the Sick.

Cla. Then my whole business will be to follow my Lady, and my daily Exercise will be to go to Church, learn Receipts, and visit the sick.

L. Gay. But what will be the Curse of Curses, at Night you must sleep with Sir *Timothy*.

Enter Witful.

Wit. Who gave you my Lady's Hand, not I, nor her Father I believe. [*Snatches Clarinda's Hand from C. Win.*]

Cla. Excuse his blunt Zeal, Colonel, 'tis doing his Master Service.

Wit. Excuse me! I ask not his Pardon, my Care will answer for what I do, Your Father's very hot, and Dinner very cold, by reason of your long Stay.

L. Gay:

12 The Doating Lovers: Or,

L. Gay. Whither walk you Lady, home? I'll wait on you thither. Are you for *Hide-Park* this Evening; 'tis an inviting Day. I'll be be your humble Servant in your Coach, the same on your Couch, take me a Companion for either.

Cof. Neither, my Lord; when you can set a true Value upon Virtue, and justly distinguish between a Woman of Honour, and a Woman of the Town, using both accordingly, your Lordship's Company shall not be displeasing.

[*Exeunt Cof. Cla. and Wit.*]
C. Win. If without intruding on your Lordship's Secrets I may enquire, pray how far has this unaccountable Amour with *Cesmelis* proceeded.

L. Gay. Faith Colonel she has run and I have follow'd, I have fled and she pursu'd; backward and forward, doubling and turning these six Months; and are now just where we first sat out.

C. Win. That's to me surprizing; I thought the Chastity had been beat, the Flag of Truce display'd, and all material Articles ready for Signing.

L. Gay. When I was sure of her, we differ'd about the chief Article, for she's obstinately resolv'd not to give up the Town without I bind my self by Oath to be Governor of her Citadel for Life.

C. Win. Can you expect Conditions with more Profit or Honour? Your Hopes cannot be so vain as to think of her as a Mistress. She's rich, of Consequence not subject to that Debauching Temptation Necessity, Beautiful, therefore need not despair of a Husband, and a sufficient stock of Wit to countermines all the Mines you'll set to blow up her Virtue.

L. Gay. You state the Case wrong.— She's rich, of Consequence will taste the refined Pleasures of the Town without marrying; beautiful, therefore vain enough to believe the warm Addresses of a passionate Lover, before the dull Courtship of a Drone for Life. As for her Wit, it will prove my Confederate, and the surest Bawd I could employ to betray her.

C. Win.

C. *Win.* If she's Mistress of these Perfections, make your self sole Master of her and them by Matrimony.

L. *Gay.* She's yet scarce Eighteen. Her Skin smooth as Satin, fair as the driven Snow, and plump as an April-cock. There's Substance in her, her Heart has room to Play and Dance in her Brest: The Rogue's Soul lies soft and white. She has all the Graces the ancient Poets gave their Goddesses, *Minerva's* Stature, *Venus's* rousing Eyes, *Venus's* fine Shape, but what spoils all, her Mind is as cold as *Diana's*.

C. *Win.* That adds rather a superior Lustre to the rest, which is heighten'd when set in a Wife.

L. *Gay.* A Wife! — Woman I adore; they are the only valuable Pleasure in the World. I'd part with Estate, Health, nay my Senses, rather than lose the Pleasure of being in Love, but 'Sdeath I would not be ty'd to one Woman, for all the Sword has won or lost, all Treason has bought and sold; I would not marry a Princess, tho' Nature had giv'n her more Graces than ever were croud-ed into one Woman. Change, my Friend, of Cloaths, Wine and Women, that's the surprizing Charm, that's the Soul of Pleasure, a Good unknown, and we want Faith to find it.

C. *Win.* Could *Cosmella* purchase you from this vain Life, in her you'd meet with Variety of Joys, yet keep your Faith and Humour too.

L. *Gay.* I would not sell the Freedom of that span of Life Fate shall allow me, for an Empire. I am no Bird to sing in a Cage, tho' a Golden One. Let those tame Spirits who can be conjur'd into a Wedding Ring, dance in the dull matrimonial Circle all their Days, I pity their narrow Souls that throw them into those Chains.

C. *Win.* I know a Face that has reclaim'd a wilder Heart than yours.

L. *Gay.* What are Faces to me? How many beauteous Volumes have these Eyes read o'er. Think not her Face can bind me, whose Arms could not. I can digest a Mistress to Night, and hunger for a new one in the Morning; surfeit to Day on Beauty, and long for it to Morrow:

14 *The Doating Lovers: Or,*

I am a healthy-Stomach'd Lover, that thrives upon Love; your sighing, consumptive, platonic Lovers can't bear it, so would make the World believe their Weakness is a Virtue.

C. Win. We are of one Age, one Country, and one Principle in all things but this, for I could name my Prison, where in Raptures I could spend my Life, and wake each Morning to fresh Joys, free from the Itch of wandring abroad.

L. Gay. Thou hast the Soul of true-bred *English* Brother, brought up in a Nursery, with a Maid to tend you 'till you were in your Teens, and lay with your Grand-mother 'till you came of Age.

C. Win. Let not you and I quarrel because our Appetites differ. Your Palate is debauch'd, and can't be satisfied without a thousand different Dishes; — Now I have a home-bred Stomach, that can make a hearty Meal of one good *English* Dish, ay, and eat often of it without Surfeiting.

L. Gay. It is Wrong done to Time and Friendship, to attempt the reconciling us in this Affair. But Railery apart, how soon do you intend to thrust your Neck into this Noose, and stand in the matrimonial Pillory for Life?

C. Win. The Lady and I have adjusted all Preliminaries, but it is her Father's Rule that his Child shall marry to please him and not her self.

L. Gay. Despair not, you have gain'd your Chief point, the Lady's Affections — I am oblig'd this Morning to visit an old and intimate Friend of mine, Sir *Dawdley Symonds*: You shall along, I'll introduce you to him.

C. Win. The World talks much of him. Is he not a Beau of the first Rank?

L. Gay. And has been these forty Years; yet still he Dresses, Sings, Dances, and Paints: Nay, he would be thought the greatest Debauchee in Town; but Nature fails him there. Yet still the Soul is willing: But 'tis ease

to spy old Age thro' the thin Disguise of his affected
Fopperies.

C. Win. The Lamp must dye when the Oyl is consum'd.

L. Gay. Now my Friend, we fly to our different
Tasks: Let me Sleeping or Waking think of nothing but
dimpled Cheeks, smiling Eyes, and flowing Bowls. *Ye.*
now be my Star, Liberty my House, and' Death I design
there.

Pursue, my Friend, the Common Road of Life,

Swallow that gilded bitter Pill, a Wife.

Whilst in Love's Paradise I Monarchs reign,

Taste freely all his Sweet, but wear no Chain.

Thus round the World of Pleasures I will rove,

Try all, when surfeited, new Joys I'll prove,

And crown my Nights, my Days, my Life with Love.

33



ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE Sir Butterfly's Lodgings. *A Toilet.*

*Enter Sir Butterfly muffled, in a Night Dress.
Haircut waiting.*

Sir Bw. **O** H, oh, oh, I shall this Moment give up the Ghost, last Night's Debauch has cut my Thread of Life. Was there ever such an old Fellow known? I am not content with deceiving the World in thirty Years of my Age, but I must live after the rate of Twenty Five, to preserve my Character with the Nakes and Beaux. What a damn'd thing it is I can't be an accomplish'd Beau without Whoring and Drinking. At the first I am a meer Fumbler, but the last preserves me. Burgundy and Cham-pain keep Body and Soul together. Were it not for Wine I should not have strength to ogle a Lady at Church, or cut a Caper at a Ball ——— Why *Ha! rent, sirrah, sirrah, what Care did you take of my precious Body last Night?*
Hair, Your Worship, sir, had got too much here, and would not be advis'd.

Sir Bw. How many Bottles came to my share last Night?

Hair. Four you drank, and one you brake the Drawer's Head with.

Sir Bw. So, there will be Fees for a Chyrurgeon. How many Whores had we?

Hair. Seven young plump Partridges, and two old Ducks.

Sir Bw. Enough to stock the grand Signior's *Seraglio*, if a Plague should rob him of his Concubines——How many Quarrels, did I kill any Body?

Hair. No Sir, but you Ham-string'd a Constable, put out a Link-man's Eyes with his own Link, ran a Hackney-Coachman in the Legs, besides breaking the Drawer's Head, and Casing an Oyster-Woman.

Sir Bw.

Sir But. A Catalogue of Heroick Actions and daring Adventures. *Haircut* wait without, and give good Words to all Duns for Satisfaction. [*Exit Haircut.*] What a Series of Battery and Blood-shed did I run thro' last Night, and to Day my *Levés* will be compos'd of Chyrurgeons, Occultists, Bailiffs, Watchmen, broken Heads, bloody Shins--- This is to be a Debauchée, to gain the Name of a fashionable Man of Wit and Pleasure.

Enter Haircut;

Hair. Sir, my Lord *Gaylove* and a strange Gentleman. Sir But. How Varlet, my Lord *Gaylove*? And did you not send him away?

Hair. Sir, I had no Orders to say, you were not at home.

Sir But. No Orders, you Fool in Folio? what Reason could thy Blockhead suggest for my Being at home? Why didn't you say I was gone out of Town, or dead? you Jackdaw! Any Excuse, tho' Improbable. What a barren Skull has that poor Rascal, when it cannot produce one Lie?

Hair. They are here.

Enter Lord Gaylove and Colonel Winfield;

Sir But. My dear, witty, wild Lord *Gaylove*, I rejoice to see you! This is a Favour---

L. Gay. Dear Sir *Butterfly*, you are by Nature so complaisant, that, in Opposition to Friendship, you receive an intimate too ceremoniously. Oblige me in calling this Gentleman your Friend.

Sir But. Your Lordship's Knowledge of him gives him a just Title to my Heart.

C. Win. Ope, Sir, who desires to be enroll'd among the Number of your Slaves.

Sir But. Will your Lordship give me Leave? I am oblig'd to dress, a most pressing Necessity: This is a Rudeness, but---

L. Gay. Why these formal Compliments, Sir *Butterfly*? I beg I may be more friendly treated, and dare answer for Col. *Winfield*.
Sir But.

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Sir But. Ceremony aside then! [*Sits down to the Taylor.*] There are some Pleures not bad, that will entertain your Lordship's Eye — *Hairent*, the Paint — A pretty Piece, my Lord — *Hairent*, I look most damnably to Day — Does your Lordship approve of the Painter's Design — My false Teeth — *The Cupid* is a Propos — Now my Eye-Brows — *The Venus* is not ill painted — The White — These Painters are comical Dogs... Some Red... How does your Lordship propose to spend this Evening... More Red, *Hairent* — For Night is the Time of Pleasure's Reign. [*Alto.*] For the Entertainment of some particular Person of Quality I give a Masquerade; if your Lordship can feel away an Hour or so in Disguise.

[*Exit Hairent.*]

L. Gay. With entire Satisfaction: A Masquerade is to me a Spirit extracted from a Compound of all Pleasures, where Men may freely open their Souls, and Ladies hear without a Blush; it was the Contrivance of some formal Piece of Modesty, who lov'd the Relish of the Sin, but would preserve her Reputation unstain'd:

Sir But. Pray, my Lord, how does the beautiful *Cosmetia*? you have some Interest in her Heart.

L. Gay. She is scornful as fair, and witty as proud; too hard a Task for me; I'm worried at all Weapons.

C. Win. Let us leave this impertinent Prater; send *Deceit* to the Ladies, and invite them to the Masquerade.

L. Gay. It shall be done. I have Business of Moment to communicate as we go — Sir *Butterfly*, we interrupt your Morning Meditations, I shall see you before Night — Sir *Butterfly*, I will not allow it [*Sir But. offers to wait on 'em out*] — Not one Step, as I live.

Sir But. Nay, my Lord — Lord *Gaylove* — but the next Room — I must — no further upon Honour.

C. Win. Sir, we'll not be us'd as Strangers; we beg this Proof of your Friendship.

Sir But. Gentlemen, this is most cruelly inhuman; but I'll shew my Compliance in my Obedience. [*Exeunt L. Gay. and Col. Win.*] Now I am at Liberty to put Sixty Five in as good an Appearance as possible, and pay my Devours to the charming, cruel *Cosmetia*.

Enter

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Enter Haircut.

Hair. Sir, a Lady mask'd craves Admittance.
Sir But. A Lady mask'd? Introduce her, and leave us.
 Who can it be? *[Exit Hair,*

Enter Prate.

Mrs. Prate, what News from that disdainful Charmer thy Lady? no hopes, *Prate,* no hopes.

Prate. Your tedious Suit at last is ended, and by my bribing the Judge, Sentence given in your Favour.

Sir But. Oh you young Jade you flatter me, indeed you do: Does she think of me?

Prate. Think of you, sir? She thinks of nothing else; longs for nothing else; dreams of nothing else: To keep you no longer in suspense, this Night is design'd for coming pleating your Happiness.

Sir But. This Night say you, eh this Night? what Reward shall I think of suitable to thy News? — a Purse, — it shall be so: But how did you win her?

Prate. Thus sir — I run over the whole Catalogue of your Perfections, turn'd you Outside-in, and in-side-out: Madam, said I, did you ever see a finer Man; how Gentleman-like his Behaviour: He talks, he sings, he dances, all like an Angel; so by Copying your Beauties she fell in Love with the Original.

Sir But. Oh, thou, thou, thou, — By *Venus* I know not what to call thee; thou Turtle-Dove. This Night you say. What Hour, propitious Star?

Prate. Twelve. Adieu! My Stay has exceeded my Commission.

[Exit.

Sir But. Raptures, Raptures; twelve at Night, good; Bed-Chamber, better; fine Lady, best of all; undress'd, no Candies, in her Arms; I'll think no more lest I run mad with Excess of Joy. I knew this Face would do it; this winning Ayre, this sliding Bow, this humble Look — this, this — By *Venus* I am every thing that's lovely. *[Exit.*

SCENE

20 *The Deating Lovers: Or,*

SCENE *Mr. Cholerick's House.*

Enter Sir Timothy, Mr. Cholerick, Bounce and Thump.

Bon. Now Sir *Timothy* looks like a Knight Baronet, struts like a Knight, and is dress'd like a Knight Baronet.

Sir Tim. He, he, he, very pretty indeed; *Thump*, are they not very pretty?

Thump. Pretty, Sir, why my Lord Mayor can't be finer. Lud Sir, how your Tenants will stare at Church.

Sir Tim. Fine Cloaths do alter a Man's Physionomy wonderfully.

Cho. Sir *Timothy*, I desire to be satisfied of your Progress in Geography.

Sir Tim. I'm dispos'd for Leisure; when my Tutor questions, I answer.

Bon. You may remember my last Division of the Earth was into Parts real and imaginary: The Parts into Continents and Islands, then the Subdivision of a Continent into Peninsulæ, Isthmus's and Promontories.

Sir Tim. Truly, Sir, I do remember some such things, but I have forgot 'em.

Bon. I'll try your Memory. What is an Isthmus?

Sir Tim. An Isthmus, an Isthmus, is, is, is an Elbow of Land.

Bon. No, no, Neck, a Neck of Land.

Sir Tim. I was pretty near it, and in time would have come up to it.

Bon. No great Mistake. What is an Island?

Sir Tim. An Island, an Island, is, is, a high Mountain which shoots its-self into the Sea.

Bon. That's a Promontory — Are you perfect in your Celestial Globe, in your Circles greater or less, mutable and immutable, Tropical and Polar?

Sir Tim. As perfect in one as t'other — But mayn't a Man be a good Geographer, without studying all these Poles, and Degrees, and Circles, and Altitudes?

Bon. It is possible; but the Method would be tedious, and waste Time.

Sir

Sir Tim. I care not; my Time is not so short, but I may afford to go about.

Bon. Tell me then with what Empire, Kingdom, or Republick you'd be acquainted with.

Sir Tim. By *St. George*, I desire to know old England first.

Bon. By no means; to study to know your own Nation is a gross Mistake, out of Fashion; You must enquire not what's done at Home, but whence we have the newest Dresses, whence the best Wine, what Country fights best, what drinks most, what speaks elegantest? For all well-bred Gentlemen, that dive into the Secrets of every Kingdom in Europe, are utter Strangers to their own.

Sir Tim. If that be good Breeding, I must forget too where my own Estate lies; but I'll remember to receive my Rents.

Gos. *Sir Timothy*, you are a forward apt Youth of your Age, and have gone a great Journey in Geography: But I'll go and present you to my Daughter and your Mistress.

Exeunt

Enter Cosmella and Clarinda. Witfull peeping:

Wit. What Affairs are in Consult now? for Two Wed men are never alone but there's Plotting in the Case.

Enter Prate, who whispers Cosmella, and gives her a Letter:

O my pretty smart Mrs. *Prate*, some extraordinary News that Express has brought.

Gos. Lord *Gayloves* taken suddenly ill! Who brought the Letter?

Prate, Decoy, Madam; he says the Enclos'd, without a Direction, is for Madam *Clarinda*.

Gos. Reads.

An unexpected Illness seiz'd me this Day, after you left me in the Park; I desire to see you e'er I close my Eyes for ever, and with my last Breath say I love you.

Gaylove!

This

22 The Doating Lovers: Or,

This News is as surprising to me as his Distemper was sudden. Let me think, I'll go, but hold, may not some Trick lurk under this? I care not: When my Resolution is guarded by Virtue, what Danger should I fear? — *Wifful*, order a Chair.

Wif. This is some put-off Zrand. I'll listen and be inform'd.

[*Goes out and rings.*]

Col. Clarinda, this Letter, though not subscrib'd, is for you.

Cla. I dare not read it now, lest *Wifful* should surprize me.

Wif. Conveyances — I guess'd there was Juggling in the Matter. Oh that I were so far Master of the Black Art as to conjure that Letter out of her Pocket into mine — Madam, a Chair.

Col. You have confirm'd my Resolution of going! I hope I may inspire him with some settled Thoughts, and make this Distemper the Cause of his Reformation. Good-fine, farewell.

Cla. May his Conversion be the End of your charitable Visit. [*Exeunt Col. and Prate.*] I have a Letter in my Pocket ready for *Col. Wifful*, but this Blockhead *Wifful* eyes me so narrowly, I cannot deliver it to *Decey* in the next Room. *Wifful*, look out at that Window, see if Cousin *Cesimelle* be gone! Quick, call her back. Is she gone? — *Mr. Decey*, *Mr. Decey*.

[*Putting her Hand behind with the Letter.*]

Wif. I can neither see her Chair nor Livery.

Cla. She cannot be out of Sight, Look again. *Mr. Decey*, here, here. [*Decey often enters, Wifful looks back.*]

Mr. Wifful, I'll retire into my Chamber, let your Office be careful that I am not troubled with any impatient Visits.

[*Exit.*]

Wif. What Cunning these Women have, they may call Men Foxes, but they make tame Geese of some of us, but I'm no Fool! Shall I discover thus much to her Father, or wait 'till I have found the Lover's Name? It shall be so, I'll steal the very Letter, then it will not be Suspicion, but true Intelligence. Leave little *Wifful* to find out the Bottom of all this, he's no Fool.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E

The Libertine Tam'd. 23

SCENE Lord Gaylove's Lodgings.

Enter Lord Gaylove and Col. Winfield.

C. Win. I vow it pleases me to think you are so fairly caught.

L. Gay. Not so far in the Snare, but I may at will be free.

Enter Decoy.

Dec. My Lord, why not on your Couch? Is this the Dress and Air of a dying Man?

L. Gay. Will she then come, thou precious Pimp?

Dec. First let me deliver this Letter to Col. Winfield.

L. Gay. I'll prepare for her Reception. Now, Winfield, prove a Friend, or I am lost.

C. Win. Now when my Soul's all Joy can I deny you ought? I could forgive my most Deadly Fee.

L. Gay. 'Tis to be disguis'd as a Physician, that my counterfeit Sickness may deceive *Cosmella*.

C. Win. I did not think you could have touch'd a String so much out of Tune. Any Request but this. — What, be false to Woman-kind, whilst *Clarinda*'s true to me! — Recal your Reason my Lord, and as in all Things else, let Honour be here triumphant, and do not study to ruin a blushing Virgin, who gives Credit to your false Vows.

L. Gay. Thou conscientious Lover; false to *Cosmella*! Above the whole Sex I admire her; as she's a young, ripe, tempting Beauty, I adore her; and she shall have the extreme Proof of a violent Passion that a youthful Lover can give her.

C. Win. If your Lordship can betray so much Beauty and Innocence, I will not be assisting; but warn her to avoid your Love, that Shelf on which if she touches, she's surely lost.

L. Gay. How odd looks a preaching Phiz on an amorous, airy young Fellow, when he turns up the Whites of his Eyes, and lifts up his Voice against the natural Sin of simple Fornication.

C. Win.

24 The Doating Lovers: Or,

C. *Win.* With your Leave silent Paper; confident of Bliss, I open my *Elysium*, — Ha, by Heav'n's grossly abus'd, or rather Exchantments here! Lord *Gaylove*, look, and say *Winfield* wrote not that.

L. *Gay.* Reads: *Dove for ever — intolrate — believe — Desire — Masquerade — morish Habits — Faith Ned*, no conjuring; but your own Letter return'd with Disdain

C. *Win.* With Disdain; it cannot be. *Decoy*, who gave it you?

Dec. Madam *Charinda*, Sir; but she turn'd her Back upon me at the same time.

L. *Gay.* Have you not Cause to triumph now? This is your virtuous Mistress! who's the truer Prophet? Your Infidelity is sufficiently punish'd.

C. *Win.* *Charinda* cannot be false, it is impossible.

L. *Gay.* Impossible! Is it a Miracle then to see a Woman change her Mind? She vow'd perpetual Love to you, that is 'till some more agreeable Object banish'd you her Memory.

C. *Win.* Jest not with my Miseries, — Why should Man love Woman? Airy Mockeries, vain Heedless that owe their Being to our Opinion, and in return for Honouring them, scornfully send back the Language our over-kindness bestow'd.

L. *Gay.* If they return all they receive from us, accuse them not, for we shall have our Hearts again.

C. *Win.* And I will have mine! The Guest is wanting here, but I'll invite him home. Why should not I be coy as she, and banish her my Thoughts? Instruct me with some witty Revenge, and you shall see me toss this Shuttle-Cock, with equal Pride, till fated with the Sport I let fall with cold Disdain this Piece of Vanity.

L. *Gay.* Now you are a Man again. How will you begin?

C. *Win.* Fall out with the whole Sex, allow none to be honest or handsome.

L. *Gay.* A Master of Arts in Love; I rejoice at thy Conversion. Will you be a Physician, *Ned*?

C. *Win.*

G. Win. To destroy, not save Woman; I long for the pleasure of ruining one,

L. Gay. Watch hers, *Devil*, and bring *Cosmella* in —

Dev. Ha, ha, ha, a most surprising Turn of Fortune. Who the Devil would have suppos'd that this grave, sober, matrimonial Colonel would have been inspir'd with the spirit of whoring?
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE draws, and discovers Lord Gay-Love on a Couch, Colonel Winfield as a Physician by him.

Enter Cosmella.

Cos. Your Lordship may wonder to see me so readily obey your summons; but that which would have deterr'd some ferocious Person encouraged me, since my Virtue is as far above Scandal as Temptation.

L. Gay. Alas, Madam, what Injury can your Virtue suffer from a dying Man?

Cos. I know the censorious Humour of this malicious Age, and despise it; but lest Grounds for Scandal, have been thought sufficient Foundations to build many foul Stories on.

L. Gay. It would grieve me much if this innocent Fair your should stain so far a Character.

Cos. I fear not what Malice or Envy can invent. Do not, your Opinion of his Lordship.

C. Win. He has had Madam, the most dangerous Symptoms of a raging Fever, but on your Entrance they alter'd for the better.

Cos. On my Entrance! This is most strange.

C. Win. But most true, from whence I infer you are the Cause of this Disease.

Cos. I, Sir, impossible! 'Tis you mistake the Cause.

C. Win. My Art deceives me then; for I observ'd soon as his searching Eye was fix'd upon your Face his labouring Pulse, which thro' the Violence of his Fever wrought

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avrought hardly, became of a sudden calm and his whole Body more temperate.

Cof. I'm pleas'd my Visit wrought this easie Cure, Since my Patient's well I may go.

L. Gay. If so soon you forsake me, my Distemper will return with double Violence and a Relapse prove certain Fate. I have Matters of Consequence for your Ear alone.

C. Wm. Now is my time to withdraw, I hope he'll prosper, for it would sting my Soul if any of the Sex should prove true, since *Glinda's* false. [*Aside*]

L. Gay. You may put Faith in the Words of a dying Man — my Physician is learned, by long Experience let into the most mysterious Secrets of his Art. He told my Disease is Love, and that the World can afford no Cure but an equal Passion from the Beauty that captivates my Soul. You are that fair one! Now say, whether I shall live or die.

Cof. Your Distemper is strange, as strange must be the Remedy, yet how in my poor Power?

L. Gay. In your Power, Madam, most sure it is. But 'tis a worse Disease to reveal the Means.

Cof. This amazes me! Be bold in your Demands, I dare perform what Virtue dares allow.

L. Gay. That damn'd Word Virtue. — plague o'the Chymical Notion, [*Aside*.] But since Life is precious I'll ask, tho' to be deny'd, I'll whisper my Desires, for Walls may have Ears — [*Whispers*.

Cof. How, my Lord! — Then 'tis as I suspected, I am betray'd, this Distemper's feign'd, and that Doctor a Villain, but if I answer not his Deceit with a Trick as cunning may I be despis'd by the Man I love. [*Aside*.] — May I then trust a sick Man's Vows? Why should I doubt? Deceit sure can't proceed from one so near his End.

L. Gay. By thy bright Eyes I am sincere, the hopes alone of longer Life embolden'd me to this Request, that I might have an Opportunity of serving my Love. — May I hope?

Cof.

Cos. But do you really love me then, my Lord?

L. Gay. Is that a proper Question? Love thee! Above Life, Wealth or Honour I adore thee, all my Joys center in thee — Nay, for thee I can forsake thy whole Sex.

Cos. Enough — To manifest my Esteem for your Life and Love; for I cannot think you mock me; when your Strength allows you to visit me at my Uncle's, where I can command an Opportunity, your Wishes shall be complied; my Maid alone shall be of Council to admit you: But I expect after your Recovery you'll give me Satisfaction by Marriage.

L. Gay. Command me things impossible, I'll execute or dye in the Attempt, at a Minute's warning.

Cos. This Request ever I give up my Honour you must grant: You shall bind your self by solemn Vow that from this Moment I alone shall be Mistress of your Heart.

L. Gay. Freely — by all —

Cos. Swear not, I think you sincere; — be confident then of my Love.

L. Gay. Then seal your Favours now, for by thy sight my drooping Spirits are reviv'd; thy Eyes have inspir'd me with new Life and Vigor, my Blood has shook off the foul Humours that clog'd it, and dances thro' my Veins. If my Lodgings are not so convenient, I'll wait of you home.

Cos. It needs not now; since your Health is restor'd, our Meeting will be useless.

L. Gay. Then I am dead again; those Words like Darts of Ice have pierc'd my Heart, my Blood is congel'd, and I shall freeze to Death.

Cos. Then I relent; pleas'd with the hopes of curing this Love-Ague I go — To morrow.

L. Gay. Ha, ha, ha, Physician come forth, ha, ha, ha. —

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Enter Colonel Winfield.

To-morrow my Lad. She is my own, and has capitulated on my own Terms, my vallant Engineer.

C. Win. I overheard all. You carried Matters cunningly. To-morrow you say. We shall not see 'em at the Masquerade. But I ne'er desire to see *Clarinda* — She yet has hold of my Heart, but I fain would wear my soul from her.

L. Gay. Nay, if you dandle into these dull romantick Ayres you are lost indeed. To a Tavern my Boy, and drench her Memory in Burgundy.

C. Win. Agreed — But what could tempt her to this sudden Change, when this Morning, with Innocence, which seem'd free from Deceit, she swore she lov'd me?

L. Gay. The Girl is considerate; her Father's Obstinacy and the Thoughts of being Lady *Tweedle* made her veer about. A less powerful Wind will change a Female Resolution.

C. Win. Suppose we entic'd Sir *Timothy* to the Tavern, then send him home Drunk that she may see the Brute that is her Choice?

L. Gay. It shall be done — Then, Court her not after the obsequious manner of a Wife but the free one of a Mistress; if she yields, you're a Gainer by the Bargain.

C. Win. You're my Oracle — Hell and the Devil —

L. Gay. What offends you, why start you thus?

C. Win. My tender Concern for you occasion'd this sudden Exclamation: The old, gay, wither'd painted Lady *Xenophil* pass'd by. I fear'd she'd call here, to bait by the Way.

L. Gay. Name not that Antidote to Love. If I think of her, I shall not be a Companion for *Cosmelia* this Month.

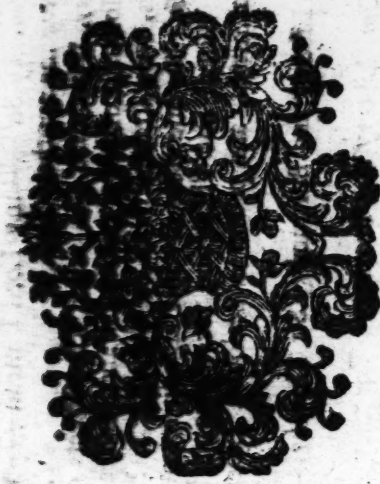
C. Win. She doats of you, to the last Extremity of Fondness.

L. Gay. Pox of her kindness: Old as she is she has a sweet Tooth still, and I believe the only one that

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is left in her Head. That Amour has been a perpetual
Plague to me. — But *Cosmella* — to morrow, my
Friend, — There's Muſick in each Letter of her Name.
— In what racking, pleasing, tormenting, joyful Hopes
shall I spend this Night!

*She yields, she yields, the salt Despair's mine;
Joy's free as Air she brings; dull Bondage thine.
Could I give Laws to Time, like mighty Jove
When bright Alcmena did his Passion move,
I would not poorly limit my Delight,
But Love as many Years as he did Nights.*



C 3 ACT

30 *The Doating Lovers: Or,*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Tavern.

Lord Gaylove, Sir Butterfly, Sir Timothy, Colonel Winfield and Bounce at a Table, with Bottles and Glasses.

L. Gay. **T**HUS, *Sir Timothy*, we Rovers live, this is the true use of Life, by turns embracing a Mistress and a Bottle.

C. Win. O *Clarinda*, *Clarinda*! could you prove false?

L. Gay. Another word of that perjured Fair one, and I'll forswear thy Company. What! whine with a Glass of Burgundy in your Hand.

Sir Tim. Ay Sir — my Lord I mean — whine with a — give me another Glass.

L. Gay. Who that e'er tasted the Sweets of Liberty, that's Monarch of his own Hours, and Master of his own Pleasures, would take a Wife to Embitter all?

C. Win. No one after my ill Usage sure would prove so errant a Wittal; but I'll atone for the remarkable Folly I've committed, and prove as zealous a Libertine as any he.

Bow. Liberty and Burgundy, *Sir Timothy* — Liberty's Health.

Sir Tim. Liberty and Property: For they made me *Sir Timothy*; so Tutor, here's *Sir Timothy*'s health.

L. Gay. Let Fate allow me a sufficient Stock of Health, some kind fair Female to cool the Favours of my Blood, and an honest Friend, if I ask more of Fortune, may her fickle Ladyship turn her Wheel about, and rob me of all I enjoy at once.

Sir Bow. There spoke the *Delphick Oracle of Wine and Women*.

C. Win.

C. *Win.* Fill about the Smiling Bumpers, I'll drink my self to a pitch higher, 'till I ascend to those bright Principles; then always keep my Brains full of the fumes of Wine, lest in a sober Fit I should recant, again court some dissembling Beauty, and be again despised.

Sir *Bat.* Now this sounds right.

Bon. Several *Italian* Princesses, *French* Dutcheesses and *German* Countesses admitted me, but that Word Wife stuck in my Throat; but not to be wholly ungratefully ha, ha, I granted some Favours, ha, ha.

Sir *Tim.* Well said, Signior *Bounce*; nay, to tell the Truth, by the Lord *Harry*, he's a rare Man.

Sir *Bat.* Sir, I understand you have Travelled, and are Master of all Languages.

Bon. Languages, Sir? I can spit 'em, I can Rodomantado in *Spanish*, Sing in *Italian*, Court in *French*, Bully in *High Dutch*, puzzle a Jesuit in *Latin*, and——Sir, my humble Service to you.

Sir *Bat.* I have been Abroad too; Travel is the finishing Stroke in completing a Gentleman.

L. *Gay.* Sir *Timothy* and his Tutor are half Seas over already, ply 'em close, the Adventure's Comical.

C. *Win.* Sir *Timothy*, Mr. *Bounce*, Melancholy?

Sir *Tim.* Melancholy, Sir, I desire Melacoly and all his Works, so 'Sir, here's to you with all my very Heart.

Bon. By the Universe I can't be merry in a *London Tavern*, in *France* or *Italy* ye eat and drink like Princes; ye are made Drunk with Grandeur and Magnificence——here your Wine is naught, your Linnen nasty, your Drawers sad Dogs, and your——Sir, my Service to ye.

L. *Gay.* Set Sir *Bustler* on his Back——we shall have rare Sport.

C. *Win.* Sir *Bustler*, do you observe the Insolence of this Fellow, thus on all Occasions to rail against his Native Country; let us not be run down; you are a Traveler too.

Sir *Bat.* I take the hint; let me alone to manage the bombast Coxcomb;——a Health to old *England*, for no

12 The Drinking Lovers: Or,

part of the World can vye with her in Eating, Drinking, and Whoring.

Ben. How, Sir, are you a Traveller? Did you know the World, you'd say our Meat is ill dress'd, our Wine ill tasted, and our Women very bad in both.

Sir Ben. Sir, you must pardon me, Sir, if I say, Sir, I do know the World Sir, and will presume to say, Sir, our Wine is good, our Meat better, and our Women best of all.

Ben. Most certain, Sir, you have not been Abroad, have you ventured over the dreadful Precipices of the *Alps*, to see the Seat of the *Cæsars*? Can you tell in how much Ground the Goddess fix'd her flying *Trojans*? Have you drunk of the famous *Tiber's* Stream, or seen the Place where *Æneas* buried his Trumpeter, and paid Funeral Obsequies to his Nurse?

Sir Ben. Boast not to me of your *Alps*, *Cæsars*, and *Trojans*, our Neighbour, going to *Italy* is paying a Visit at next Door—I have drunk out of the River of the *Amazon*, eat Clouds upon the Pique of *Tweriss*, sat in the Throne in which *Alexander* the Great was crown'd, seen the very Spot where *Cain* killed *Abel*, and danced upon *Methuselah's* Grave.

Ben. But what famous Exploits have you achieved abroad to Chronicle your Name to After-Ages?

Sir Ben. Famous Exploits, Sir! I have danced and sung in all the Courts of *Europe*, have gone to Bed to ten Queens, and killed all their Kings with Drinking.

Ben. Danced and sung! I have fought and conquer'd, I unhorsed the Czar of *Muscovy*, at a great Tournament, bullied the King of *Sweden*, kick'd the Grand Signior, pulled the Sophi of *Persia* by the Nose, made the great Mogul serve me on his Knee, and broke his Head for breaking a Glass; but these were but Men;—I have pluck'd a wild Lyon by the Beard, killed ten fierce Bulls at *Madrid*, conquer'd a Unicorn, and made a Snuff Box of his Horn, brought the King of *Bantam's* great Elephant on his Knee, and made a wild roaring Tiger cringe, and kiss my great Toe.

Sir

Sir Ben. Sir, I say you have not done all this.

Ben. No, — why, that is as much as to say — I Lye.

Sir Ben. You are very much in the right Sir —

Ben. By the Universe he dies that says I Lye — a Traveller, and will spend my last Drop of Blood in the Cause of Truth — so Sir — draw and die.

Sir Ben. Sir, I will draw and not die —

L. Gay. Enough Gentlemen, you have both shown your extraordinary Parts after a very extraordinary manner, — therefore my Warriors let there be Peace.

Ben. The Lye — but there is a Season called an Opportunity.

Sir Ben. There is, Sir, — up Conqueror.

C. Win. Talk not of Opportunities, ^[Picks up his Sword.] the best Opportunity is to use the present Moment in the Service of Wine and Friendship.

Sir Ben. If that be all I can be a Friend, and I can be a Pie.

C. Win. Nor shall Mr. Bounce be the last in the Cause of Honour or Friendship.

Ben. To oblige the Company — I make a Truce.

Sir Tim. Now I can be merry, kiss me, Sir, kiss me, dear Tutor, kiss me both, and kiss me both, this Agreement has put me into so good an Humour that I'll sing ye a Song, ye all have heard it before, and all men bear a bob.

C. Win. Well perform'd Sir Timothy, we roared lustily, Passengers will swear we are mad.

Decoy Bunting.

Ben. Sir, all is ripe, if you are ready!

C. Win. We will wait without, is *Thump Drunk*?

Ben. As Drunk, Sir, as a Freeholder at an Election.

C. Win. Thou art a rare Rogue, fly unseen *[Exit Decoy]*, Gentlemen we must adjourn to the next Room, Supper waits us.

C. A.

Sir.

34 *The Doting Lovers: Or,*

Sir Tim. But, Gentlemen, I am for the Squa, Squarade; you were ta- to, talking off.

Bon. So am I, for I, I'll da, da, dance.

Sir Tim. But I'll su, su; sup first, and da, da, dance after.

L. Gay. This Plot is managed admirably.

Bon. But let us not leave our Wine, no, no, co, come along General *Burgundy*, I'll A, A, fight with you in my ha, ha, hand. [Exit.]

SCENE *Sir Butterfy's Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Youthful and Secret masked, Haircut.

Hair. Madam, if you'll walk here till the Company comes, I shall inform your Ladyship.

L. Youth. Secret, can this Dreis deceive him?

Sec. Yes, Madam, nor can the nicest Eye discover you: But what can your Ladyship propose to your self from this Masquerade?

L. Youth. You are not ighorant of the Amour betwix the Lord *Gayloze* and my self. I know his roving Humour flies at all Games; I hope thus obscured to deceive him into my Arms; then when I have him fast unmask'd, upbraid his Falshood, repeat my Wrongs, sometimes in raging, sometimes in gentler Terms; if these means move him not, the next step is Revenge.

Sec. He eagerly pursues your Niece *Cosmelia*, and she leads him a tiresome Dance.

L. Youth. If I can't fix his Soul, I desire as a lasting Torment to see him wedded; I know the Name of Wife is Poyson to his Joys, and may all the Plagues Woman e'er brought Man be her Portion; may she seem beautiful in all Eyes but his; be Honest, yet thought False to his Bed; and may Jealousie, Poverty, and the innumerable train of Marriage-ills haunt them sleeping and waking.

The Libertine Tam'd.

35

See. Musick [*A flourish of Musick*] — the Company is come.

L. Touch. Let us join them.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lord Gaylove, Col. Winfield, Cosmella, Clarinda, and other Gentlemen and Ladies masked.

Musick and a Dance.

After which Lord Gaylove and Col. Winfield come forward.

L. Gay. Now are my Wits upon the hunt to find out who my nimble Partner was, by the airy Motion of her Body I could be tempted to take a Night's Lodging upon Trust; but egad I believe she's Dumb, I never know a Woman so long silent.

C. Win. And on this Occasion too, when the Mask allows the Tongue all the liberties of Conversation; they used to take a Pride in dumb-founding a Man with their smart Repartees. My Partner was in the fullens too, and had not her dancing convinced me, I should have concluded her dead; for when a Woman's Tongue is so long at rest, she may be called a piece of Still-Life.

L. Gay. Prithee let's attack them, Ned; tho' they be dumb, they may grant all we want by Signs; if they have Eyes they are perfect in Love's Language: I long for a dumb Amour.

C. Win. I am a meer Ass at this Sport; can say yes, or no; but if they be dumb, I shall be as uppish as a true Coward, who's sensible his Foe dare not fight; but if they have, and can use their Tongues, I shall be slapdash down in the Mouth.

L. Gay. Leave the Management of your Affairs to me; so make no Articles but take yours on the same Conditions I do mine; for if one yields, t'other will of Consequence.

C. Win. If they prove wisty Town Ladies I shall not open my Mouth.

[*Exit.*]

36 *The Doting Lovers: Or,*

Cosmella and Clarinda come forward.

Clas. The very same, our two Lovers, *Deey* betray'd their Dresses to *Pyate*.

Clar. By my sober Colonel's Address, I shall know whether his Gravity be counterfeited.

Clas. Don't you fear your Mistake in returning his Letter may produce some Alteration?

Clar. The Error is so easily rectify'd by telling the Truth, I am not disturbed; I'll send *Giddy* to Morrow Morning, I cannot be so cruel as to keep him on the Rack.

Clas. They advance, Girls, now shall our Silence prove a Key to their Souls, and open the Cabinet of their Secrets, while we lie concealed — be dumb.

Clas. I am not perfect in Signs; I shall be apt to explain by Words — Mum — they are here.

L. Gay. So Ladies, a fine Night's Adventure indeed; you've made us Captives, tho' we know not our Fate, and carry our Hearts in triumph without declaring War.

C. Wm. Pray Ladies be kind to them while they remain in your Service, if not for our Sakes yet for your own, since I'm sure they'll prove your most faithful Slaves.

L. Gay. As I suspected, they are dumb; a Comical Intrigue this, if they should be deaf too.

C. Wm. Then it will save us Millions of Oaths and Ekas, for we may fall to, without saying — By your Leave.

L. Gay. Ladies will ye retire into another Apartment — that Sign is No — then they do hear, and I fear 'will prove a disservice, point to manage 'em; then those that can speak; for talkative Ladies would be so busied with their prattle, that our Affairs would pass unguarded; but these Mutes, having nothing but the main Chance to look to, will employ their Hands faster than the other could their Tongues.

C. Wm. Prizes sweet unknown former foalness, how shall we be made acquainted with your Intentions? Ours, the Devil a one of these Signs do I understand!

I'll henceforth keep one in my Family to teach me the Art of not speaking, that I may be perfect in holding my Tongue, when such a pleasant Adventure next happens.

L. Gay. How prettily those little taper Fingers move, O Sweet Rogues! if there be a suitable Face, I'm undone; egad, I'll fancy there is, and seal my faith on this fair Hand.

[Cosmella hits him a box on the Ear.]
Col. Wm. How like you that Sign? you understand what she meant by that.

L. Gay. I'd purchase Kisses all Night at the Price, that box on the Ear was a dumb love favour.

[Clatinda hits the Colonel a box on the Ear.]
Col. Wm. Are your Fingers too as nimble as your Tongue should be? Since a face without a Tongue is a trifle, let's make Court to that part which executes its Office; and by which we must know our doom.

L. Gay. Both speak the same Language, Ned; prithee my dear beautiful Negroes (for I'll suppose the worst, that my disappointment may be the more agreeable) if your Finger Language is so copious, acquaint us with some particular of your Lives? How came you Dumb? What are ye? Where do you live? Are ye Maids? — An indifferent sign that, which says they are not certain, — Wives nor Widows; — neither — why pore ye thus upon your Hands? by Cupid they're Egyptian Fortune-tellers; I guess'd so much; [they beckon] they beckon us into another Room; let us follow Ned, and be happy; I never knew in all the course of my Life, People with Tongues speak more to the purpose.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II

38 The Doting Lovers: On,

SCENE a Hall in Mr. Choleric's House.

Enter Cosmella and Prate.

Cosm. Do you think, *Prate*, that *Sir Butterfly* will requite her this Affignation?

Prate. He's a Man of two much Love and Honour, Madam, to disappoint a fair Lady.

Cosm. Are my Orders obey'd?

Prate. All things are prepar'd, Madam, to receive him.

Cosm. I shall mortify the Doting Fool.

Prate. Madam, I hear a noise on the Stairs, I believe it is *Sir Butterfly*.
[*Exeunt.*]

Sir Butterfly Entering.

Sir Butt. Thanks to kind Night, and my kinder Stars, so far I have paid undiscover'd,

Enter Prate.

Prate. *Sir Butterfly*, Is it you?

Sir Butt. True to the touch ——— the same, my fair Iris.

Prate. *Clarinda* is with my Lady, but she'll dispatch her to her own Apartment, and wait of you.

Sir Butt. How pleasant these Night Intreagues are; to

scud into a Back-door half open; stumble up a pair of Stairs; bustle thro' half a dozen Rooms; over Chairs, Stands, and Tables; whisper thro' a Key-hole; kiss the Door open, and fall into a Lady's Arms; then the half squeaks out —

O Lord — Dear *Sir Butterfly* — nay, pish — se —

What do you mean? I did not think you could prove so rude — I vow you're a sad Man; and all the time

pushing me away faintly with one Hand, and pulling me hard to her with t'other — Ha! Light!

Prate

Enter Cosmella and Prate with Lights.

Cosm. O Sir *Butterfly* you'll ne'er think well of Women; kind again, since I thus easily have yielded to you, but you're sensible of your own Charms.

Sir Butt. O Madam, your dying Slave, the whole Sex rather for your sake is to be adored, Madam.

Cosm. Sir *Butterfly*, sit down—— I have a Scruple of Conscience which troubles me much—— I fear I've thrown my self away on one who does not love me.

Sir Butt. Not love you, Madam! tell me the ungrateful Wretch's Name, and I vow I'll cut his Throat before I sleep.

[*Prate tierches to the Chair.*
Cosm. Calm this Tempest, for you can inform me, whether this ungrateful Man's Passion is sincere; you, I doubt, will too soon despise the easy Conquest of fond *Cosmella*.

Sir Butt. How Madam? Doubt my Love? my Heart is Adamant, which nought could pierce but Darts from thy bright Eyes.

Cosm. May I then believe your Love is unfeign'd?

Sir Butt. By what Oath shall I confirm it? as I am a Knight Baronet.

Cosm. I know, you Gallants swear any thing; Oaths are as fashionable as taking Snuff, and there's as little Solidity in one as t'other; to the fashion of being religious, wicked ye are most constant; an Oath in your Mouths, and a Reservation in your Hearts, is a common Courtship.

Sir Butt. What Vow sufficiently binding shall I invent?—— By *Cupid's* Bow and Arrows, and his fair Mother's Doves, by all Powers to Love propitious, by bright *Venus*, and thy brighter self I swear——

Cosm. You need not Sir—— for to Night I'll trust your Honour.

Sir Butt. What mean you, Madam?

Cosm. To go to my Bed, Sir—— where you dare not come.

Sir Butt. Dare not, Madam [*Offers to rise*] Is this trick your handiwork, *Prate*! unloose me—— dare not!

Cosm.

40 The Doting Doctor: Or,

Cosm. Dare not Sir, you sit in vain, you and your Chair are fix'd for this Night. — Adieu.

Sir Butt. But Madam, is this in real jest, or earnest? *Cosm.* In real jest most sure; who could be in earnest with that lovely Pillar? Good-night Sir *Andrew is Fools.*

Sir Butt. Madam — do not abuse a Man of Honour.

Cosm. Abuse you! poor Wretch, I cannot; you shall know what it is to attempt a Woman of Honour; you old withered Fool, what a smell of Sweet! I believe he's Embalm'd before Death to save a double Expenditure — *Prate.* Stand not so near, ha, ha, ha.

Prate. He's a Beau, Madam, and you know they're always very sweet.

Cosm. A Beau! a very Antique one; he has nothing Modern about him but his Face, and that was made to Day; he's a poor Pretender to Foppery and Debauchery, and but a burlesque Image either of Beau or Rake; ha, ha, ha.

Prate. Poor-Sir *Butterfly* is in danger of losing a Mistress, ha, ha, ha.

Cosm. A Mistress! place a funeral Sermon and Death's Head on his Pillow — Prithee *Prate* liken that Face of his to something; ha, ha, ha.

Prate. Really Madam, he's the very picture of Doctor *Fauslus* in the Puppet Show. He's a meer old Woman in Breeches; ha, ha, ha.

Sir Butt. Very well Mistress *Prate*, your Free shall be lessened for this.

Cosm. I've read of Giants with three Faces; but Sir *Butterfly* has a new one for every Day in the Year; I dare swear he has not appear'd with the same Countenance twice these six Months.

Prate. I wonder how his Friends know him; it must be by his Cloaths, not his Face; ha, ha, ha.

Sir Butt. Peace you pert Gypsy; Feeling aside, let's to bed; my Patience can bear a Jest.

Cosm. To Bed, thou Scare-Crow? I'd as soon lie with a Skeleton from *Grassham College*, or a Marble Man from *Windsor Abbey*.

Sir Butt.

Sir Butt. I knew you love me; your Birterness shews you with me well, you take pains to whip me to hand-famely; come, I'll be a good Child and kiss the Rod —

Cosm. And *Cupid's* Rod shall scourge you severely — below there.

Sir Butt. Murder — What do you mean? Where am I going? *[Stamps.]*

Cosm. Ha, ha, ha, the old Fool's Impudence moves my Laughter, not my Anger, he will not in haste come on *Love's* Errand to me. *[Laughs.]*

The Chamber Door opens.

Enter Witchful half undress'd, creeping on Hands and Feet.

Witch. So, this Plot has succeeded as well as I could wish; my Lady is fast asleep; and I've got the Prize; what Ser-vant but *Witchful*, that Prince of Servants, would have had the headpiece to think of such a Plot, or thought of Courage to put it in Execution? I have watched two hours under her Bed to rob her Pocket of this Letter, which my Care and Cunning have effected. Some young Fellows, proud of the Opportunity, would have robbed her of something else, but all my Vigour is in my Brains. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E another Chamber.

Enter two Footmen, with Sir Butt fly on a high Stool.

Sir Butt. Why Rogues, Villains, Rascals; where do you carry me?

1st Footm. We are arrived at our Journey's end; you are on the top of the House, Sir.

Sir Butt. On the Top of the House, Sirrah — To what end?

1st Footm. We obey our Lady's Orders without asking Questions, but she said you were in a raging Fever, Sir. And this Medicine would cool your Liver. *Sis.*

43 The Doating Lovers: Or,

Sir *Bust*. An excellent Physician — the Devil take the Doctors.

1st *Foot*. You're a Weather-Cock, Sir, for by the motion of your full-bottom'd Wig, we shall know which way the Wind blows.

Sir *Bust*. The Dog is witty with my Miseries; you witty Rogue, Sirrah, come here, dear witty Son of a Whore come here, you shall have five Guineas, five pieces for one blow, but one blow at thy confounded witty Skull.

1st *Foot*. Good Night Sir — We wish you good Rest Sir. [Exeunt Footmen.]

Sir *Bust*. Rest in the Devil's Name, when every Moment I expect to break my Neck — [Strives to get down.] No, no getting down; Impossible, unless I jump at a venture, and for certain dash out my Brains — how cold it is — it freezes, a damnable sharp North Wind pierces to the Marrow of my Back-bone: I shall be candy'd before Morning with Ice like a Sugar Plumb — [Singing without] Some Company draws near, Singing too; this Musick comes from the Spheres, or the World in the Moon; Some Congratulations from the Prince of *Thunderland* for my high Advancement.

Enter Sir Timothy, Bounce and Thump, Drunk. [Singing,

Sir Tim. Some more *Burgundy*, t'other Flask, and then strike up, drowfie Gut Scrapers; Mr. *Bu. Bu. Bounce*, where are you; and my faithful Squire *Thump*

Bou. Hand in Hand, my God of Wine — O Divine *Burgundy* where art thou.

Thump. I've a great fancy to be drunk; these fine Liquors tempt a Man; I never was drunk in all my Life.

Sir Tim. Nor I; but I'll be drunk before I go to bed; so Drawer t'other Flask.

Bou. Ev'ry Man his Flask; I hate a pinking Glass; ev'ry Man suck at the Nipple of his Flask. 'till he dont leave one drop; if the great Tun of *Hiedleburg* was here, I'd not leave so much as would drown a *Louise*.

Sir

Sir Butt. By yone Moon and Stars the Country Knight, and his Tutor drunk; I hear 'em as plainly as if with 'em.

Thump. Sir, will you Drink, go to Bed, or go to a Whore, Sir?

Sir Tim. No, no, I'll do dance, where are our Fiddle Thrummers, our Robin Boxes, our Car-gurs? gone? — then we must play on our own Pipes; We'll sing the new Italian Song of Old Sir Simon the King; and dance the famous French Dance, called, The Hayen. [Sing and Dance.]

Sir Butt. Surely they are on the Top of the House too; or I am deceiv'd, and am not there — I'll speak to 'em — Gentlemen, kind Gentlemen.

Bow. Eh — hearken — hilt — it thunders, did you not hear a strange Voice speak in the Air?

Sir Butt. In the Air — then I'm on the Top of the House still — Sweet Gentlemen.

Sir Tim. This must be the Devil's Voice, to tempt us into his Clutches.

Sir Butt. Pray loving Sirs, are we all at the Top of the House?

Bow. If he be the Devil, I'll out-lye him for once — Yes, we are all on the Top of the House.

Sir Butt. Pray good Christians help me down for Heaven's sake.

Bow. How old Belzebub chnts, but we are as cunning as him; O! the dissembling Hypocrite, he prays and talks of Heaven, to draw us into his Chains.

Sir Butt. Indeed Gentlemen — I'm no Devil — but a Man —

Sir Tim. Suppose, Master Devil, that we will not take your word for it; that's a Jest i'th' faith; if we believe the Devil, who the Devil will believe us?

Bow. He may stand on the Top of the House and cool himself, but we'll have t'other Dance [Dance round him.] Now let us go soberly to Bed; Old Lucifer may fare Flames, and set the House on Fire.

Sir Butt. How? The House on Fire? Then shall I be smok'd, burn'd, roasted, toasted, fry'd to Death; Fire, Murder, Fire, Help, Murder, Fire, Fire.

Bow. Mur-

44 The Doating Lovers: Or,

Ben. Murder, Fire, Fire, Fire —

[All cry out Fire, Bounce runs against Sir Butterfly and throws him down, Bounce falls, Sir Timothy and Thump run out crying Fire.]

Enter Mr. Choleric and Wistful undress'd.

Chol. Fire in my House, Fire, Fire, *Wistful*, call the Watch, raise the Town, Fire, Fire.

Wist. Fire *[Falls over Bounce]* Fire and the Devil, the Devil and Fire.

Chol. What's the matter? whom have we here! O heavens, Mr Bounce slain, speak to him —

Wist. Mr. Bounce, Mr. Bounce, are you dead? O Misfortune, are you dead?

Ben. Dead drunk, yes *Burgundy*, I am dead drunk.

Wist. Who killed you?

Ben. *Burgundy*.

Wist. Where are you wounded?

Ben. *Burgundy*.

Wist. Where did the Quarrel begin?

Ben. *Burgundy*.

Wist. Some French Rascal of a Fencing Master I warrant.

Chol. Why, he's drunk, most damnably drunk; *[foghorn]* he smells like a Vintner's Vault. O abominable Brute! a fine Tutor! raise him up, Sirrah, Sirrah. How came you drunk, is this your care of a Papil? you'll teach him to drink; what can you say Sirrah in your Vindication; speak Rogue? how dare you be drunk, speak Rogue, eh?

Ben. Why Drawer, Rascal, bring t'other Flask of *Burgundy*.

[Hits Choleric.]

Chol. Abominable Varlet, his great Fist has almost beat my Brains out, lead him to Bed, take him away, away with him; drunk! O Monster *[Wistful leads out Bounce]*! we shall have a severe lecture to-morrow.

[Stumbles on Sir Butterfly.]
Thieves, Rogues, help, help, what another Gentleman dead drunk, who are you? dead drunk?

Sir.

Sir But. Very soberly dead I can assure you Sir! Oh Mr. Cholerick.

Chol. How! Sir Buttersy Almond, he has been drinking with this ungracious Rascal, what brought you here Sir?

Sir But. Sir I beg that without spending time in asking needless Questions, you would look about the Room for my Brains, and see if I have all my Legs and Arms.

Chol. I guessed he had been drinking, but he's mad drunk, not dead drunk; — but Sir, how came you here — how —

Sir But. Pray Sir let me answer your Interrogatories in Order, now begin.

Chol. Where have you been?

Sir But. On the top of your House Sir.

Chol. How came you here then?

Sir But. I fell down your Chimney.

Chol. What was your Business here?

Sir But. None that I know of, but to break my Neck.

Chol. Stark Mad — the strength of the Wine has turn'd his Brain.

Sir But. Now dear Sir be so kind as to help me up — so, so, soft and fair; — Oh — there's not one whole Bone in my Body; the Frost has made it as brittle as a Wine Glass.

Chol. Sir you speak in Riddles — pray speak to be understood.

Sir But. Sir you may say your pleasure, but I am very glad to hear my self speak so plain, faith I can feel no hole in my Head — my Skull, Mettle's good — let me feel — that Arm and that Leg are in *statis quo*; so are the others, all right; e'gad I am made of Iron.

Chol. Craz'd poor Man — It is so — Lord help him — stark Mad — a little Wine does his business: I ever thought Bedlam would be his fate; — the Wine has seiz'd his Intellects and set him a raving; — good Night Sir — *Wifal* shall meet you below, and wait of you Home.

Sir

46 The Doating Lovers: Or,

Sir *Bur.* Good Night to you Sir. [*Exit Mr. Chelwick.*
Feel, Feel, Jilt, Jilt, — I am a most confounded Fool,
and she a most confounded Jilt. If I do not take a sharp and
sweet Revenge, may I never where or drink again, — let me
consider — I'll Lampeen her — no — that would be an
Honour done her — Women love Lampoons, because
by them they are made famous; they desire to be known,
tho' to the ruin of their Reputations; — let me think: —
it shall be so — a good Thought — I'll buy an Oaken
Gudgeon, and drub her, and drub her soundly, drub the
Jilt; She shall be an Example to all Coquets; I'll fall out
with the whole Sex upon her Account, and drub them
all round.

*Since Grandame Eve occasion'd Adam's Fall,
 Woman has been the Ruin of us all.*



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Mr. Choleric's House.

Bounce Entering.

THE Letter I dropp'd has done it; I saw her take it up, read it, and kiss it a thousand times, my Person she oft had view'd and reviewed with a favourable Eye, and I have made some Addressee at a Distance in Signs and Bows. Sir *Timothy* dreams not of my previous Title to the Estate he is about purchasing, poor Soul, he should have left me behind when he came a Wooing. This sanguine Complexion, these black Eyes, this *Roman* Nose, these broad Shoulders, this brawny Back, this long Foot, and stiff Calves of a Leg, never fail in making a sure Conquest. *[Exit.]*

Enter Mr. Choleric and Wifful.

Mr. Now Sir let the Wedding be dispatched; wait not for the Idle Ceremonies of a Dinner, or Suit of Cloaths.

Chol. I will not sleep, or say my Prayers till all is concluded; let us carry things smoothly, lest Sir *Timothy* should suspect — I'll go in and prepare the Bride — O *Wifful*, *Wifful*, thou art the flower of serving Men. *[Exit.]*

Wif. So, all moves well; what a loss it is to the World, that my Parts are not made Publick; a Prince who would chuse me for a Politick President to his Privy Council, and had a General with a Heart equal to my Head, would conquer the whole World in less time than another could ride it post. O *Wifful*, *Wifful*, thank Heav'n that thou art not a Fool. *[Exit.]*

Enter

48 The Doating Lovers: Or,

Enter Mr. Bounce and Clarinda.

Clar. Be not loud, lest we be over-heard; I am not blind to your Deserts, nor can I be so ungrateful as not to reward them; my Father may command my Person, but never shall my Love, to wed Sir Timothy.

Bon. Your Wisdom, fair Lady, equals your Beauty; he's a very *As*, 'a beast of Surthen, and had he not more Gold than Brains, he'd be the poorest Wretch alive. The good Parts and Qualities of Men are to be valued, but I name no body.

Clar. There may be means found to prevent our Marriage.

Bon. Let us this Moment run away together.

Clar. I must be first assured that your Affection is pure and sincere.

Bon. Try me first, and trust me afterwards.

Clar. A Match—— I'll have a proof of your Love—— can you fight?

Bon. Fight! eh? Fight? oh yes—— If I like my Enemy.

Clar. It is a poor, weak, old Fellow—— *Wifful* I mean.

Bon. Conclude him Dead, I am the Judge, and will be Executioner.

Clar. Sir Timothy enters; Your Ear for the rest.

Sir Timothy Enters.

Bon. He ordered me to lay hold of all Opportunities of urging his good Parts to you.

Sir Tim. Well said little Tutor; now is he lying and swearing in my Commendations; a rare Girl's faith, 'She'll come to in time, She smiles, a good sign that; She blushes, a better sign that; this as much as to say, I love forsooth.

Bon. Say no more, by this fair Hand I'll execute as you have ordered.

[To Clarinda.
Sir

The Libertine Tam'd.

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Sir Timothy, I've done Wonders; she deats of you, prefers her home.
[*Exit.*]

Sir Tim, Madam, your humble Servant Madam — my Tutor says Madam; that you were pleas'd to own to him, that you lov'd some body Madam, as well as some body loves you Madam.

Clar, *Sir Timothy*, I hope you'll spare a Maid's Blushes; Heav'n knows my Affections are sincere, and my Heart true; and I am really impatient to be marry'd.

Sir Tim, Dear pretty Soul, what a loving T'it it is.

[*Mr. Cholerick, and Witful poet.*]

Wit, Where is your Faith now Sir, can there be deceit in this? her Eyes are open'd, and she has the grace to see her former Follies.

Chol, O my dear Child — She kisses him too — this is a Joy of Joys.

Clar, *Sir Timothy*, I want some Trifles that the Exchange can furnish me with; let it be your motion to my Father, that I may go — he's here.

Sir Tim, Father *Cholerick*, you'll excuse our familiar Conversation; I vow, I'll be honest, till we're marry'd; not a bit of the Flesh within the Walls, only the Suburbs of her Lips, or Hands, or so.

Clar, Forget not my last Request; you must not be deny'd [*re Sir Timothy*.] How hard a task it is to force my Tongue, but to flatter this Fool; how much harder then would it prove to force my Heart to love him. [*Aside.*]

Chol, To the Exchange say you? it will be dangerous.
Sir Tim, That's a jest indeed; when she loves me and kisses me, I will not be deny'd.

Chol, If you will have it so, I will not stand out — *Witful*, wait of my Daughter to the New-Exchange; but observe her carefully, double and treble your Senses.

Wit, I would fain find out any mortal Wit that could cozen me of my Charge.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE Cosmella's Apartment.

Enter Cosmella.

Cos, What Malleious Planet reign'd at my Nativity — has deem'd me to be so miserable as to love a Man who

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Glou'g

50 *The Doting Lovers: Or,*

glories in his Vices; here in this dark'ned Apartment I'll expect him, and counterfeiting *Prate's* Voice, fathom his Soul——the Door opens, he's here.

Lord. Gaylove Swings.

L. Gay. All in Darkness I strange, that Light should be Love's bitterest Foe; my comfort is, the little spirit of Conscience is laid by the ardent Desires of unlawful Flesh; the World and the Devil are but mean Temptations; poor traffick in Comparison with the staple Commodity of Love——*Mrs. Prate——Mrs. Prate.*

Cos. Who's there? *Lord Gaylove?* Is it you?

L. Gay. Yes my gentle Squire of your Mistress's Body——you speak hoarse.

Cos. Alas Sir a great cold——I have lost my Voice.

L. Gay. If you have not lost your Maiden-head, all is well, be careful of that small Tenement; my pretty little Imp of Darkness, where's thy Lady?

Cos. In her Chamber, Sir, I am set scout to give notice of your Approach.

L. Gay. Prithee Child introduce me to this Fairy I must dance with.

Cos. It seems then, my Lord, your Feaver is quite gone.

L. Gay. Plague on my Memory, I should have counterfeited Sickness.

*Yes Child——*I am not very well——but 'tis gone;——*[Aside.*

prithce Abigail do thy Office, and usher me in.

Cos. There is a Perquisite, Sir, belonging to my Place.

L. Gay. A Perquisite——as I hope to have thy Lady's Sweet Body in my Arms, I had forgot it: treacherous Memory, there's Gold, you may know it in the Dark.

Cos. But this is not enough——my Lord.

L. Gay. Not enough? is thy Fee then settled by Act of Parliament? I thought it had been discretionary——there's more——take Silver and all.

Cos. But this is as nothing to what I want.

L. Gay. As nothing——by this Darkness all I have about me——Search me.

Cos. There is another Fee belonging to our Office.

L. Gay.

The Libertine Tain'd 35

L. Gay. What can that be? a Kiss? you shall have it, a pretty velvet Lip, and the smacks it handsomely — new to your Business, my nimble Messenger.

Cos. Not a Step farther — till I have all I look for —

L. Gay. O Death, do you expect my whole Body, or the Hangman's Perquisite, my Cloaths?

Cos. If you did see me — I blush.

L. Gay. O the-unfurlable Consciences of these Chambermaids, they must be Tasters of the sweet Sin; the Fees of the Court must be paid, or no Suit commenced with Iniquity; O *Venus, Venus*, what will this World come to — there is no other Remedy; I must touzle her a little, please her with a Sugar-plumb or two, or she may betray all.

Cos. Who waits within there — open the Windows of this Apartment.

L. Gay. Have you found your Voice, sweet Mrs. *Penis* — what means this Light?

Cos. That you my Lord should see your Baseness.

L. Gay. *Cosmella* — a pretty Love-tryal this, you are sensible I resisted the Temptation most heroically; no Consideration but that of winning you could have prevailed.

Cos. Degenerated Man, what foul Disease dwells in thy Veins, and corrupts thy generous Blood?

L. Gay. These Expostulations are not to the Purpose, and they trifle Time away.

Cos. Stay poor deluded Man, and know, to the utter Confusion of thy foul Intent, you are-mistaken in *Cosmella*.

L. Gay. How Madam! shall we not retire?

Cos. What unseemly Behaviour of mine, ever gave you the least Suspicion, that I was so lost in all the ways of Virtue, as to give up my Honour to thee, thou poor unthinking Lord?

L. Gay. Madam, I came not here to be lectured thus.

Cos. Recall thy scattered Senses, and be a Man again!

L. Gay. Thou art a most Religious Sinner; what a pious Sermon this is on the Bawdy Text of Love.

Cos. The hopes of your Conversion cause me thus to Chide you, You are something, my Lord — I would not willingly name.

D 1

L. Gay.

52 *The Doating Lovers: Or,*

L. Gay. 'Tis well I am something---you call me Lord,
Col. Better, never to be born to Honour, then poorly
to forfeit them.

L. Gay. This bitter Haughtiness becomes you not.

Col. The Liberty I have taken, wrongs not Virtue
pleading for it.

L. Gay. How long do you purpose to continue in this
Resolution?

Col. My last Moments shall be Witnesses of these
Thoughts.---

L. Gay. I promise to be your Convert, if you'll spend
but one Night in my Reformation.

Col. You are this Moment farther from Happiness than
ever---O Heav'n! my Heart trembles to look on him
---on a sudden what a Paleness sits upon his Brow,
his Eyes retire into their hollow Chambers---Good---
my Lord how do you?

L. Gay. Well, I thank you; but you'd be better if I
could lye down on your Bed.

Col. A violent and most unhappy Change; sure Heav'n
in Justice to your late Imposture has punish'd you with
some real Disease; a certain Judgment for mocking Hea-
ven; help, help, he faints.

L. Gay. What new Project is this? --- S'death Ma-
dam, what would you?

Col. The ugly Form of Death triumphs over the live-
ly Colours of his Face, there is all the Pangs and Horrors
of a dying Countenance --- within there---who waits?

L. Gay. I feel no Sickness but what your Apprehension
causes --- she's Distracted.

Col. How hollow his Voice sounds; he rattles in the
Throat too; all the Symptoms of Death; O Misfortune,
the malicious World will say, I killed---to dye in my Apart-
ment.

L. Gay. Patience, Patience --- Madam ---

Col. He talks wildly too; his Eyes stare, his Head is
confus'd; good my Lord let me intreat you to go home;
call your Physicians, Friends, and a Divine; dispose of your
Estate; and settle your Peace with Heav'n; for I fear
there are but few Sands in your Glass.

[Exit.

L. Gay.

L. Gay. What time of the Moon is this? Some sudden
Frenzy has disturbed her Brain, and like People ill of the
yellow Jaundice, she fancies me sick of her Disease —
I have heard of Men that have dy'd with Conceit; if it
should kill me, I were a precious Coxcomb indeed —
Was ever expecting Lover so disappointed, to be drawn
thus into an Imagined Paradise, with my Appetite pre-
pared for Enjoyment, then when I am ready to fall too,
the Banquet vanishes, e're I can taste — I must go home
and dye, she says — I hope, tho' to Live, 'till I have an-
swered thy Cunning with a trick as subtly wrought.

[Exit.

SCENE Changes Garden.

Enter Bounce arm'd Cap-a-pie.

Bou. This is the place where I must exercise my Va-
lour on that sneaking old Fellow, *Witful* — I'll practise
a little that I may be prepared — stand Sirrah — draw
Villain — draw, you're a Son of a Whore, and you lye;
— That thrust pierc'd his Heart — there I have him
in terse — in quart again — now in Flankonado; and
so I whip him thro' the Lungs. Lord, what a stir some
Gowards make about fighting; when my Courage is up,
I make no more of killing a Man than a Mouse —

[Struts about and Fences.

Enter Colonel Winfield and Giddy.

C. Win. Mr. Bounce is precise to a Minute

Bou. But hold, is it my safest way to speak before I
strike, or give him the Blows first, and the Reasons after-
ward?

C. Win. I see *Clarinda* and *Witful* turn the Corner of
that Street, let's retire.

[Exeunt.

Bou. Ha 'tis she, and the old Russian with her; he has
a scurvy, surly, angry Countenance — I care not —
I have the Advantage of the first blow.

Enter Witful and Clarinda Masked.

Cl. All is ripe I see, Colonel *Winfield* and *Giddy*, my
travelled Lover too.

[Aside.

Wit. Nay dear Madam, let your Motion be swifter.

Bou. Now is my time: [Aside.] Slave — Rascal —
Poultern.

[Beats Witful,

Wit.

54 The Deating Leavers: Or,

Wit. Murder, Murder — what Rogue is this? —
[Shows a great Sword]

Enter Giddy Mask'd.

Clar. Murder, Murder — Witful will be murder'd.

Wit. Sirrah, what provok'd you to this Assassination
Plot upon my Person? Stand you pickled Cucumber, I'll
make mince Meat of you, stand Rogue.

Bon. Murder, Murder, Mr. Witful, it is I Mr. Witful;
don't you know me? Mr. Bonnee, Tu'or to Sir Timothy;
hold Mr. Witful, Murder.
[He runs off.]

Wit. Come along Madam, be not frightened, let's pursue
our Journey, or we shall have all Covent Garden Crew a-
bout our Ears.

Bon. [Entering.] Was there ever such a little Dragon
known, he dealt about his Strokes so fast, I had no time
to slip in either a Word or a Blow; who the Devil ex-
pected a broad Sword by his side; my Shoulders and Sides
are black and blue, with Loves Livery; my Armour did
me some Service, or the little mad Dog wou'd have beat
me to Atoms. Since my Courage has failed me I must
have recourse to Stratagems; I'll have Witful taken up for
a publick Assault and Battery.
[Exit.]

Enter Colonel Winfield leading Clarinda.

Clar. Relying on your Love and Honour, I give up my
self and Fortune to your Power, not exacting any formal
Protestations; my Happiness cannot be impaired but by
the Dimination of your Affection; and it must partly be
my Fault, if that prove not lasting.

C. Wit. Thy Beauty has charmed my Exterior Senses,
but my Soul is thy virtuous Captive; haste then my Angel
— a Chaplain waits us at my Lodgings.
[Exit.]

Enter Witful with Giddy Masked.

Wit. My Lady is grown very sparing of her Voice; I
have asked her two or three Questions and still she holds
out her Hand like a Post that points the way to London;
what a blessed Wife will Sir Timothy have if she continues
Speechless; I thought a Woman's Tongue ever wagg'd
till the last Gasp.

Enter

Enter Bounce with Constable and Watch.

Ben. That is the Rogue who has abused me, seize him and carry him to Prison — I'll answer for what you do.

Wm. Me — you poultry Vermin — I desire your staff and all its Works.

Ben. Stand not to hear him prate, away with him to Justice, at your post! Constable, see he makes not his Escape; there's Gold for your Pains; Mistress your Hand — Sweet Lady you shall along with me.

Gld. I shall humour this Plot for the Mirth sake.

[Exeunt Bounce and Giddy.]

Wm. Why Knave, Cheats, Thieves, what do you intend to do?

Const. To fit you with a Stone Doublet Sir; in which your Lucy Tongue may learn better Manners than to abuse Gentlemen and the King's Officers; along, away with him.

Wm. But Gentlemen what is my Crime? I owe him nothing, nor have I robbed him; 'tis I am cheated, put upon; therefore in the King's Name I charge ye to unbind me.

Const. I charge you in the King's Name to obey us.

Wm. Ye shall repent this, my Master is a Justice of the Peace; ye shall grace the Pillory for this.

Const. How? does he threaten? a head Constable too; oh Impudence! Stop his Mouth and away with him; what! threaten the Chief Magistrate of the Parish? away with the foul moun'd Rogue.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Colonel Winfield and Decoy.

C. Wm. Decoy, remember your Lord is dead, and humour the Jest.

Dec. Yes Sir.

C. Wm. If he discards you his Service; I shall provide you a lasting Settlement.

Dec. Sir I shall hazard my All to serve you — my Lord is here.

[Exit.]

Lord Gayloye Entering.

L. Gay. I walk still, and so do Ghosts, but by all Circumstances else I am alive; nor feel I any Pain but in my Head; which reflects toils for some witty Revenge to

56 The Doting Lovers: Or,

answer *Cassinda's* Plot upon my Liberty---have not I then reason to punish her thus for so foully abusing me?

Decoy entering.

Dec. O my dear Lord, O my poor Lord---undone, undone.

L. Gay. What can this fellow's impertinent sorrow mean? I'll retire and observe.

C. Win. Decoy, where is your Lord? In Tears! Why this Face of Grief?

Dec. You'll bear a Part in it when you know the Cause; ---my Lord is dead.

C. Win. Dead! not two hours past, since I saw him lusty and pleasant, with all the Signs of Health and long Life.

Dec. Even so, Sir; but now he is dead, dead, dead.

C. Win. How dy'd he? When? and where?---O my dear Friend.

Dec. Suddenly Sir, at Mr. *Chollerick's*, in *Madam Cassinda's* Apartment.

L. Gay. Very well---I am, dead---She has caused this foul Rumour---I'll undeceive 'em.

C. Win. How poor a thing is Life; when we cannot assure to our selves one Moment; but thus in the Prime of Youth and Vigour to moulder into our primitive Dust.

C. Win. Though this be my Wedding-Day, when no Grief should cloud a Bridegroom's Brow; yet pardon me *Clarinda*, if to the Memory of such a Friend I pay a few Tears.

L. Gay. Hell and Furies; I shall run mad.

C. Win. I'll go and view the Body; then perform a Friend's last Duty, and see him laid in Earth. *[Exit.*

L. Gay. Is it possible; not see me, not hear me; do I walk invisible; or am I my own Ghost? You prating Coxcomb, who so confidently reported my Death---Advance.

Dec. What can poor helpless *Decoy* do? I'll weep my self into a Statue, to be set on my Lord's Tomb.

L. Gay. Hold, Sirrah; first let me bequeath you a Legacy.

and perceiving you can neither hear nor see, I'll try if you have the feeling Sense left. *[Beats him.*

Die.

Die, Murder, Ghosts, Spirits, Devils, help, help, some invisible Spirit drubs me, I feel the Blows, but see no Hand, Murder, Murder.

He laid on damnable hard for a Ghost; O my Shoulders, he is alive with a Witness, my whole Body will swear it; his Hands are true Flesh and Blood, and have allow'd me a most substantial Beating.

[*Lady Youthful above in a Balcony.*]

L. Youth. Mr. Decoy, what occasion'd your violent Outcries; what Offence cou'd provoke your Lord to so severe a Chastisement? I knew your Voice and flew to your Rescue, but find you at Liberty.

Decoy. My Lady Youthful! what Devil brought her to be Witness to my Shame; I must fain some Fable. [*Aside.* Why Mad, Mad, Madam, as, as, I was but —

L. Youth. I'll descend and know the truth; if you are wrong'd, you may command my Purse and Interest — I know he is the Key to the Cabinet of his Lord's Secrets; if he resents this Quarrel, I may work him to my Ends, and be revenged.

Decoy. What shall I say? she must not know the truth; — let me think — if that could be brought about — my Lord hates such a Mistress; but I may like such a Wife. Mrs. Prate has inform'd me of the Trick she intends to play Sir Butterfly; and why should not I provide my self with a Lady Wife, as she has done with a Knight Baronet Husband — this is a plausible Story — I'll not wrack my Brains with the Pangs of Invention; but build my Hopes on Prate's Plot, and improve her Lye.

Enter Lady Youthful.

L. Youth. Mr. Decoy, for what enormous Crime has your Lord thus unmercifully used you?

Decoy. A Trifle, Madam, a meer Trifle, I am ashamed to own it.

L. Youth. Fear not, I am your Friend; and the Secret will be safely lodg'd in my Breast; this Part of the *Plaza* is more private — You shall tell me all.

Decoy. Your Ladyship is so obliging, I cannot conceal ought from your Knowledge.

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END.

58 The Deceiving Lovers: On,

Enter Sir Butterfly and Prate.

Sir Butt. I cannot believe you, I do not think it is possible for a Woman to speak Truth; it is a Fee to your Tricks, ye are jilts all; study not for a Reply, I know it is a damn'd Lie before I hear it; I see a little familiar Devil whispering Falshood in your Ear.

Prate. Sir, I came here pleas'd with the Thoughts that it lay in my Power to serve you, but you will not hear me.

Sir Butt. Why should they be so privately marry'd? Why should they exchange Dresses? or what is all this to me——What Advantage?——

Prate. Sir you wou'd gravel an Oxford Scholar with Questions——You must know, my Lady is of a most haughty imperious Temper, and is resolv'd when she marries to be Master; and to shew her Superiority over a Husband, has made a solemn Vow, she never will wed a Man who will not wear Petticoats on the Wedding Day, and resign to her the Breeches; now as to your second Question, they design it so privately, intending it a Secret——and as to your last; I propose you shall put on Woman's Cloaths, and in Lord Gaybrus's Place, be made fast to my Lady.

Sir Butt. Now you speak Sense——may I rely on your Sincerity——this Evening you said——

Prate. This Evening at Six, here they are to meet; and at that Door lodges a Priest, in whose Apartment they are to be join'd; there is no Light to be in the Chamber; so it is but speaking low; and you may be conceal'd 'till the Ceremony is past.

Sir Butt. Enough——Now, Madam *Cosmelia*; I'll trick and re-trick you; I'll fire you i'th' faith; I'll pay off all old Scores; I'll kiss you all Day, and drub you all Night.

Prate. The old Fool has the Hook fast in his Jaws; and I may play with him now, and not endanger my Line; he shall find Madam *Prate* in the room of Madam *Cosmelia*. I ever thought I was born to be a Woman of Quality; My Lady *Airwood*, Oh the becoming Title.

Enter

Enter Lady Youthful and Decoy.
L. Youth. Has *Cosmelia* then moulded him into a Husband? Shall a Green Sickness Girl snatch him from my Arms? the Thought distracts me---I must prevent this Marriage.

Decoy. I have told you each particular of the Truth; *Prate* alone and I are privy to their Designs; if you consent to be disguis'd, he's your's.

L. Youth. Consent --- Let me once be his Wife --- I ask no more --- the Name is what I covet --- let him next Moment sue for and get a Divorce.

Decoy. His fruitless Endeavours of debauching her has so inflamed his Desire of Enjoyment; that he is resolved to possess with the Hazard of his Life.

L. Youth. This Evening you say under this Piazza --- O welcome sweet Revenge.

Decoy. Exactly at Six be here in Breeches --- at that House in a dark Room the Ceremony is to be performed by a private Priest.

L. Youth. I am perfect --- this as an earnest of my Favour --- fail me not. *[Exit.]*

Decoy. Well perform'd, witty, pimping, lying *Decoy*; now that I am grown old in the Service of both Sexes I have provided my self with an Hospital of Ease; how fortunately every thing occurred; my meeting with *Prate*, my beating, Lady *Youthful*'s over hearing --- some lucky Star has been Lord of my Ascendant to Day. Now shall I live independent of any proud humourfome Lord, who would reward my Fatigues in finding out Ways and Means to please him with a drubbing. *[Exit.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Mr. Cholerick's House.

Enter Mr. Cholerick, Sir Timothy and Thump.

Mr. Chol. I Am murder'd, cheated and abus'd. Fool, Fool Daughter ravish'd, *Wife* in Prison, --- I must run mad. *Sir*

60 *The Doating Lovers: Or,*

Sir Tim. Does my Tutor read Travel to me, and run away with my Mistress? He's a mere Peripatetic Philosopher.

Chol. A most villainous Plot to rob me of my Daughter.

Sir Tim. What shall we do?

Chol. I know not what to do, what to say, or what to think.

Sir Tim. Nay, Father *Choleric*, I'll go in search for your Daughter. Fear not, we'll apprehend the Traitor. Have but Patience.

Chol. Oons, Sir, I won't have Patience. I never had in all my Life, and I am too old to learn.—Patience! —Where is the Messenger that brought this Letter? I'll go free *Wifful*, and know the whole Truth. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Covenant-Garden.*

[*Enter Sir Butterfly in Women's Cloaths.*]

Sir But. This is the Place and Hour. Fortune assist my Disguise, and *Jupiter* thou Protector of Love Metamorphoses, be propitious to my Petticoats, and on my Wedding-Night I'll sacrifice to thee my Linnen Breeches. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lord Gaylove.

L. Gay. So, I have sleep'd the scornful Lady; by the Help of the powerful Grape I have conquer'd this bold Invader of my Heart. quieted those Civil Wars she rais'd in my Soul have banish'd her Memory the Dominion of my Body and am in *Statu quo*, Lord *Gaylove* again. I'll never more lay Siege to Maiden-Head, they partly so long about the Honour of that insignificant Trifle, that a Man must spend his whole Youth to gain the mighty Nothing, a Treasure form'd by Fancy which is never found 'till lost.

Enter an Upholder with a Coffin. Lights and Mourners.

Uph. Move on with the Coffin, You Links advance in order. Are all the Mourners here? Look very sad you Dogs, very sad and dismal, for 'tis a Lord that is to be buried.

L. Gay. Pray, Sir, who's Funeral is this?

Upb. It is no Funeral at all, we are now going for the Body.

L. Gay. By what Title pray was he distinguish'd when alive?

Upb. Title? — Lord, Lord. Lord.---Gaylove, I think they call'd him.

L. Gay. Lord Gaylove, my most dear Friend; where does his Body lye?

Upb. At Mr. Choleric's; he dyed there suddenly, and will be buried this Night.---Your Servant Sir; march on in Rank and File.

L. Gay. Have I then slipt out of the World, and am yet a Stranger to the Secret of my Death? I'll to Mr. Choleric's before they bury me: If I don't find my self there in a Coffin, there's Hopes I may revive again: If I be dead I am got into as merry a World as t'other. I'll get me a Female Spirit, kiss, be merry, and imagine my self alive.

Enter Lady Youthful in Man's Cloaths.

L. Youth Decoy I fear has betray'd me; I am not too late, but punctual to the very Moment and Place he appointed.

Enter Sir Butterfly,

Sir Butt. Cosmelia, Cosmelia, Madam Cosmelia. — It must be she.

L. Youth. Ha, Cosmelia call'd — Lord Gaylove, my Lord.

Sir Butt. Your Hand, my fairest. Now shall we deceive the whole World. Let us retire; the Priest waits, who shall ever make us one.

L. Youth. I am all Obedience to your Lordship's Will.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Decoy in Womens Cloaths.

Dec. If this my Counterplot succeeds to Night, a Petticoat Rampant shall be my Crest, and a pair of Breeches couchant my Coat of Arms. Were it not for Policy half the World would starve. A General could not fight, a Merchant could not trade, a Lawyer could not plead, a Thief could not steal. Strategems gain Gold and Friends, and will this Night put me in possession of a Rich Lady.

62. The Doating Lovers: Or,

Enter Prate in Mens Cloaths.

Prate. By the dim Light of yonder Lamp I saw something like a Woman pass into this part of the Piazza; by the awkward Ayre and Gate I believe it is Sir *Butterfly*.

Dec. Ha, a Voice, a Woman's Voice too! Lady *Touche*! I hope. — *Cosmelia, Cosmelia.*

Prate. As I live the Knight. — Lord *Gaylove*, — you've been tedious, your Hand.

Dec. My Hand and Heart, my Charmer — my all — my Love What now detains us from the eternal Bond of Affections?

Prate. Nothing. — In that corner House the Priest waits us. — *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Sir Timothy with Giddy Mask'd.

Sir Tim. The Coward is fled. Oh Rascal, Rascal, fearful Poltron; not stand to a Lady. — Mistress, you see it is my Fate to recover your lost Virginity. Your Father is Mad, and truly I am little better my self: Let us be wife now, I know a Parson will divide us two into Man and Wife, in the opening of an Oyster. I'll make all sure and marry you out of Hand; if any body will run away with you afterwards they may.

Gid. So, a Husband, a Knight too unexpectedly dropp'd into my Mouth. I'll humour it. — *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter Prate and Decoy.

Prate. Most unlucky Accident, unheard of Disappointment.

Dec. O Fortune, Fortune, damn you, you are the Devil.

Prat. Married to *Decoy*, when I was big with the Hopes of a Knight Barronet!

Dec. Married to *Prate*, when I expected Lady to fill my Arms!

Prate. What Fiend a Foe to both brought you here in Petticoats?

Dec. The worst of all Hell's Imps; a plotting Devil. — Damn all Plots.

Prate. Did I not pre-acquaint you with my Design on Sir *Butterfly*?

Dec. You did, and I intended the same for Lady *Touche*. Hell —

Prate. You must plot too, and not having Brains sufficient

cient for a Foundation, must build upon mine and overthrow all.—You are fitted for your Plotting.

Dec. Fitted with a Vengeance, Brute, Brute.—

Prate. Well, my Dear, since it is so, it is so; let us lovingly joyn, and draw together in the Yoke of Marri-mony.

Dec. You'll draw well by the Tail. Yok'd with you? —No, no, it is some Comfort that without Consolation we are but half Man and Wife. So, Madam, your humble Servant; I have made bold with the Premises, but dreamt not the Tenement would be my Lot, I committed such Riots in.

Prate. I shall not quit you so; if you have leapt over Ditch and Hedge, living at Rack and Manger in a Farm not belonging to you, when it falls to your Portion 'tis but just you should repair the Breaches made by you, ay and keep them in Repair too. *[Exit.]*

SCENE Cosmelia's Apartment.

Cosmelia in deep mourning, a Coffin, Lights and Mourners discover'd.

Enter Lord Gaylove.

L. Gay. This is the Apartment, a fatal one to me, where by Rumour I sickn'd and Died. —Ha, all the solemn Pagantry and senseless Grandeur of the Dead. My Ears sure abuse me with false Reports, my Eyes with false Appearances. The charming Coquet too adorn'd with Sables; false Weeds and falser Tears. Me do you Mourn? True Woman still, had Hell the cunning of thy subtler Brain what Man would not be damn'd?

Cos. O my Lord Gaylove.—

L. Gay. This bears the sound of Hope; she acknowledges me alive.

Cos. Living! I lov'd thee with a Holy Flame.

L. Gay. Nay, then I'm dead again.

Cos. Thy Soul is fled, and left thy cold, pale Figure, the Image of what thou wast, which in a lonely Coffin reposed we must Chamber in Dust.

L. Gay. I've read of Ghosts with Aerial Bodies, visible to the World; yet I, a Spirit, cloth'd with a Corporal Substance, am visible to none.

Cos.

64. *The Deating Lovers: Or,*

Cos. Why should I grieve thus, since all are born to die?

L. Gay. Would you'd do't quickly, that I might have your Company.

Cos. If thy departed Soul could by Miracle with thy Body have a second Marriage, and again be cloath'd with frail Flesh, sure you would study to keep it a chaste Temple.

L. Gay. This is my Funeral Sermon, preach'd by a Petticoat Divine.

Cos. I fear the weighty Burthen of thy Sins occasion'd thy untimely End.

L. Gay. Lady and Gentlemen, what does this Mockery mean? Is it your Pleasure to see me walk, to hear my Voice, to feel my Hand, tho' not know me? Pray inform this substantial Nothing, when did Lord *Gaylove* die, what was his Disease, or who expects to be his Heir?

Cos. Unhappy Lord! I am pleas'd to think, what Woman could do, was not wanting to reclaim you.

L. Gay. You, Sir, mourn with dry Eyes; that shews you are his Heir, or Executor at least: I approve of thy Grief. What a poor Folly 'tis to weep for the Dead, who cannot be sensible of our Lamentations.

Cos. Virtues he had, and valuable too, had not the glaring Lustre of his Vice eclips'd 'em.

L. Gay. You lov'd him Lady, and your Tears say much. To do Justice both to the Living and the Dead, you had but small Cause. He was a wild young Fellow, a general Admirer of your Sex, lov'd his Bottle and a Friend; Pleasure was only in his View, and he leap'd over all Rubs that would have turn'd the Bias from the intended Mark: But since he is gone, let us speak well of the Dead, and bury their Faults with them?—But were he to live again (and that's a vain Wish, you know) I dare promise that he'll ———

Cos. Relinquish his Title to the alluring Charms of deceitful Vice, and embrace with a Soul new polish'd, the solid joys which Virtue alone can bestow.

L. Gay. That he'll love you, Lady;—you can answer me now, ——— Ha, ha, ha, Am I dead yet?

Cos.

Cof. Thou art ; not the least Sign of Life about thee:

L. Gay. You dare then converse with a dead Man?

Cof. You see I dare, and with a Soul void of Fear,

L. Gay. We differ much in our Thoughts of Life and Death.

Cof. You are dead to Virtue, without which, Life is but Death's Twin-Sister.

L. Gay. What Argument can I use to convince you Lady?

Cof. The Proof alone of your Conversion shall win my Faith; till when, you shall be to me as without Life: Nay, with this solemn Ceremony I'll give your Memory Burial. If after this, you should inroach upon my Thoughts, or that Lifeless Form appear before my Eyes, you shall but represent a Shadow, a Ghost, which never shall have Power to disturb my Innocence.

L. Gay. Egad you shall find me a very troublesome Ghost; I'll haunt you sleeping and waking.

Cof. This, my Lord; and I have done, that you may know how much you have been lov'd.

L. Gay. Lov'd, said you, Madam!

Cof. Lov'd, my Lord. The Confession doing no Injury to my Honour, need not raise a Blush upon my Cheeks; nor let it flatter the Vanity of your Sex: For, spite of Love, and all that Love can do, I shall not stray from the strictest Rules that Virtue can prescribe. Let that Resolution strike your vain Hopes dead; for here, in sight of Heaven, I vow (tho' the Thought does sting me to the Soul) ne'er more to hold Conference; or, if possible, see your Face again, till, by renouncing your Follies, you become a new Man.

L. Gay. She's gone, and in a Strain as heroick as a dying Tragedy-Queen. She's a noble-spirited Girl, and is a Wife for an Emperor—that loves Matrimony. Some upstart Thoughts Friends to Wedlock, would fain debauch me, into the Noose:— I dare not marry, and I dare not lose her,— Hang it, 'tis but trying; but then that Trial lasts for Life, that's hard. Why mayn't a Man take a Wife for a Month? There's something so noble and generous in her Love, that it would distract me, should any other

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other Men enjoy her ; and it distracts me to think I cannot arrive at that Bliss, but by shooting the Gulph of Matrimony. Now are Marriage and Debauchery waging Civil War within ; Must I for one Woman forfeit all the Pleasures of Life ? — But in her, I have the whole Sex's Perfections. But then there's Confinement, and squalling Brats ; but then there's a fine Woman and Dicales ; — but then there's Cuckoldom ; — but then there's their innate Principle of Female Pride, which secures their Honour, when their Love will not : But, S'death, I shall be hooted at by the whole Town. — Well, if it be a mad Trick, there are so many that run into the Matrimonial Bedlam, that I cannot be out of Countenance. Since I am resolv'd, I will not think of the Danger, but run with my Eyes shut to the Top of the Precipice, and leap at a Venture.

Enter Mr. Chollerick and Witful.

Cho. Oh my Daughter, my Daughter ! cheated, abus'd, trick'd.

Wit. Oh my Honour, my Honour ! out-witted, fool'd, plaid upon ; I'll go to Chyrurgeon's Hall, and have my Head open'd, for I fear my Skull is stuff'd with Woodcock Feathers ; I am mad, mad, mad.

Cho. Mad, Sirrah ! Oons you shall not be mad, I'll be madder than you.

Wit. Sir, I say I will be mad ; who can hinder me to be mad ? In spite of my Man living, I will be maddest of all.

Enter Thump with Footmen, and Bounce bound.

Thump. Bring in your Prisoner.

Cho. Is the Traitor then apprehended ? Rogue, Rogue, where is my Daughter ?

Wit. Villain, Villain, where is my Mistress ?

Cho. Where is my Daughter, I say ? Confess, Sirrah, and be hang'd.

Wit. Yes, Rascal, where is my Mistress ! speak.

Cho. Why don't you answer, Villain ? Are you dumb ?

Wit. Ay, Sirrah. Are you dumb ? Why don't you confess ?
Bou. Good Christian People, don't murder me with Questions.

Wit. *Thump* bring me the Dog whip, I'll make him confess.
Cho.

Cho. Peace, *Jack Kach*, let me pass Sentences, before you proceed to Execution:—— Knave, Knave, most abominable Varlet, where is she?

Bon. Where is she, Sir? Why where she should be, Sir.

Cho. Why, Sirrah, who am I. that you answer me so impertinently? Am not I a Justice of the Peace? Do you know that, and not tremble? Confess without the Rack.

Bon. Sir, as I was waiting on her home, Sir *Timothy* met me, and took her from me.

Cho. How, Sir *Timothy*, thou lying Imp.

Thu. It is very true, what the lying Rogue says, my Master has got Madam *Clarinda*, I am Witness.

Enter Col. Winfield and Clarinda mask'd at one Door, Sir Timothy and Giddy mask'd at i' other.

Wit. Sir, Sir, here's Madam *Clarinda*: No, there she is; hey day, here she is, and there she is.

Cho. How's this;——Pray, Sir, what Lady have you got there?

C. Win. Your Daughter, but my Wife.

Cho. I believe you lye, Sir, your Countenance says you lye; My Daughter your wife!

C. Win. Unmask, my fair Bride, and convince thy unbeliving Father.

Cho. I am amaz'd, confounded, and stupify'd; Whore, Whore, is this true?

Gla. I must not offend Heaven, who's Witness to the Truth:——I am his lawful Bride.

Cho. Bride, *Winfield's* Bride! Let me come at her, I'll not leave one whole Bone in her Body.

Gla. To him this Night I've pledg'd my Vow's.

Cho. Madness and Fury, I say you are not marry'd to him, must not be marry'd, nor shall not be marry'd to him.

C. Win. Curb your Anger, Sir; be assur'd we are as firmly united as the Church can join us: 'Tis needless to repine, you know where Marriages are made. Have Patience.

Cho. Fire and Faggot, I'll not have Patience. Who are you that dare preach Patience to me? Your Marriage was made in the Dark, and the Prince of Darkness was the Priest.

C. Win.

68 *The Doating Lovers: Or,*

C. Win. We beg your Blessing, Sir.

Cho. May you have many Children, and no Bread, but thro' Famine eat one another,——May——

C. Win. No more Curses, Sir,——your plentiful Estate is sufficient to buy Bread.

Cho. My Estate, Sir,——not a Penny, starve, starve, not a Morsel; I'll make Bridewell Whores, and Bedlam Madmen my Heirs:——My Estate! No, no; famish, or live upon Love!

C. Win. I am not ignorant, Sir, the Estate in your Possession is my Wife's, by her Grandmother, put into your Hands while she continu'd a Minor, but she is now come to Age, and has chosen me for the Guardian of her and her Fortune.

Cho. Why, is it not in my Power to starve 'em; I shall run mad. [Exit.]

Cla. Let us yield to these Frailties of old Age, and by our Love and Humility footh him into Mildness.

C. Win. And if by gentle Means we cannot smooth his angry Brow, yet let not our Dury fail.

Sir Tim. This is fine juggling! 'faith. Play which of these two is my Lady Wife?

Gid. I am your Lady Wife, and humble Servant.

Sir Tim. You my Lady Wife! Who the Devil are you? Were you ever Christen'd? What is your Name?

Gid. Can you read my Name in my Face without Spectacles? [Unmasks.]

Sir Tim. Giddy,——a Witch, a Witch; she has bewitch'd me into Matrimony.

Ben. Giddy!——I rejoice to think she was not my Lot.

Sir Tim. Have I come from *Derbyshire* for a Chamber-Maid? That Lady I meant to wed.

Wit. Somebody is cozen'd, I name Nobody. Since this Wench is your Fate, which cannot now be undone, seem not to be concern'd, or they'll hoot and jeer you out of your Life.

Sir Tim. Say you so; I love not to be made a May-game.

Ben. Be confident, laugh at their Simplicity in thinking you chous'd, and commend your Choice.

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Ha, ha, ha, Gentlemen, you think I am fool'd, gull'd, cheated into a Wife; but do not believe it: She was my Mistress, is my Spouse. A Bargain's a Bargain, and I proclaim her *Lady Treddie*.

Enter Lord Gaylove and Cosmelia.

L. Gay. Henceforth I'll fly the Thoughts of all unchast Desires; my vain Life I do renounce, and will study to love thee as thou hast taught me, nobly, like a tender Husband, if thy Heart consents.

Cos. That my Lord is too much in your Interest to deny. Now you begin to Live.

L. Gay. I will grow old in the Study of Virtue.

C. Win. My Lord, I congratulate your return from the Dead. This Lady has restor'd you to Life.

L. Gay. Most true. This last Conflict has quite overcome me.

Cos. Pray Colonel what have you done to Cousin *Clarinda*, she is the Picture of Gravity?

C. Win. I had her before a Priest, Madam, who not only pass'd Sentence, but put the Rope about our Necks.

Cos. May all the Joys that on Wedlock wait be your Port on.

Cla. And Lord *Gaylove* prove to you the Husband your Virtue merits.

Cos. But *Sir Timothy*, will you rob Cousin *Clarinda* of her Maid *Giddy*?

Sir Tim. Her Maid *Giddy*, plain *Giddy*! *Lady Treddie* Forsooth.

Cos. I beg her Ladyship's Pardon, and wish her Ladyship much Joy.

Enter Sir Butterfly and Lady Youthful.

L. You. Ruin'd, lost and undone. O Villain, Villain.

Sir But. Most basely abus'd, undone for ever, married and undone.

C. Win. *Sir Butterfly* and *Lady Youthful*, what mean these Disguises and Exclamations?

Sir But. I am hang'd Sir, I am drown'd Sir, I am head alive Sir, I am, I am, — Oh the Devil... I am married.

L. You. *Sir Butterfly* my Husband! I shall not outlive the Thought. Any of the Sex but that wrinkled Head.

Sir But.

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Sir But. Lady *Youghful* my Wife, my Aversion! an affected, gay, painted Widow of Fourscore.

L. Gay. Sir *Butterfly*, unriddle this mystery. Why these Dresses, and violent Sallics of Passion? Are you married?

Sir But. Yes, to my Sorrow. Oh that damn'd jade *Prate*.

Cos. The Favour then was design'd for me. Unutterable Loss, but I am prepar'd to bear.

Sir But. Bridle that damning Tongue. Thou art, thou art, thou art——a Woman.

L. Gay. I find you have put into Love's Lottery, Madam; Sir *Butterfly* is no inconsiderable Prize.

L. You. Comfort from thee, thou Ominous Raven! Peace with thy fatal Notes, Traytor to our Sex. There is a Pleasure call'd Revenge; and if I fail in my Purposes, I'll shut my self up a Recluse from the World, and never more see the Face of tall Man.

C. Win. Sir *Butterfly* your Bride is retir'd into her Bed-chamber.——What, sated with Matrimony on the wedding Night, nay e'er you have consummated!

Sir But. I am a consummated Fool, a Madman, a Cuckold.

Clia. Suspicious already of your Lady's Virtue, you may trust Lady *Youghful*'s Honour.

Sir But. Nor no Woman's Honour; am I not married, of Consequence a Cuckold e'er Honey moun be over. We may all shake Hands as Brothers, put Finger upon Brow, and feel whose Horns are largest.

Cos. Poor Sir *Butterfly*, predestinated to be a Cuckold. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir But. You may sneer: You make us Fools, then laugh at the Beasts of your own Creation.——O Matrimony, Matrimony, thou art all the Plagues of *Egypt* in one. [Exit.

Enter Decoy and Prate.

Prate. Come along Spouse——nay, start not to see so much Company Witnesses of our Contract.

C. Win. Another Wedding in Malquerade.

Dec. A Wedding in the Devil's Name.

Cos. *Decoy* and *Prate*!...we deal to Night in nothing but Weddings and Cross-purposes.——Untold.

Dec. We laid Springs to catch Woodcocks, and fell our selves into our own Snare.

Prate.

The Libertine Tam'd.

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Prese. The Favours we prepar'd for others are fallen
into our own Dish.

L. Gay, Strange Disappointments——'Tis but Justice; you work'd to out-trick others, and are caught in your own Net: You are both met with. Henceforth study both to be an Honour to the married State, I shall provide for you as your Defects are made known to me.

Die, Prats, your Hand...—Thus link'd we'll jog thro' the World; Matrimony is a rough Road and a long Journey off, e'er we can get to the End of it.

Cl. What says my witty Servant now----- Wit without Brains.

Wit. And Brains without Wit.

Sir Tim. Tutor, I pardon your past'd Follies, and take you into Favour again.

C. Wm. Musick and a Dance would make this an Extravagant Wedding Night.

Dea. That Ceremony shall not be wanting. I provid-
ed Fiddles, being resolv'd to have one merry Night tho'
it should prove the last Matrimony would allow me.

[A Dance.

L. Gay. Now all are agreed.... Thus let each Man take his Fair one by the Hand, lay it to his Lips, and vow a whole Life's Constancy.

*At last the Rover's fix'd by this bright Star,
And hopes to prove as Constant as She's Fair.
The various Charms of Love and Wine he try'd,
Each Day brought new oft chang'd, as oft they cloy'd.
Encircled in those Arms he's sure to find
Joys that are lasting, Chaste as they are kind.
Let those lewd Sparks by whom the Sex is blam'd,
Admire her Love, and be like him reclaim'd;
Since 'tis by Love alone the Libertine is tam'd.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Thurmond*.

THE Deating Fool... Our Author makes no doubt,
If he has Faults, that I shou'd help him out.

Poor Man ! of Friends he surely stands in need.

Can he believe that I his Cause should plead ?

For where I have an Interest of my own,

Another's, 'tis but just, I should postpone ;

And yet I blush before this Court to sue,

Where nothing to my Merit can be due.

Yet such has your Indulgence always been,

N'er to Condemn at our first entering in.

Unless the Soil's manur'd, and prun'd the Vine,

You can expect to taste no generous Wine,

What Justice might condemn, let Mercy spare :

The Fruits in time may well reward your Care.

Poet and I, no more than this pretend,

We both are young Beginners, and may mend.

FINIS.

